VOL. CCXXI, No. 2884
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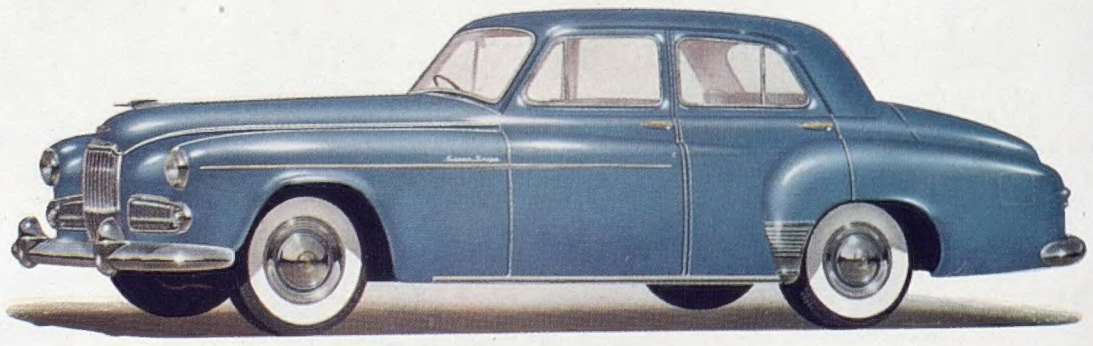

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S. 93

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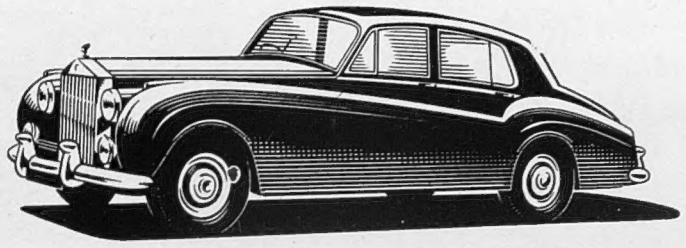

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and the sea....

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But the men at sea demanded still more accurate timekeeping and it was left to Earnshaw and Arnold, two English watchmakers, in the early days of the 19th century, to develop the marine chronometer as we know it today—basically the same in structure and working as the thoroughly reliable modern watch.

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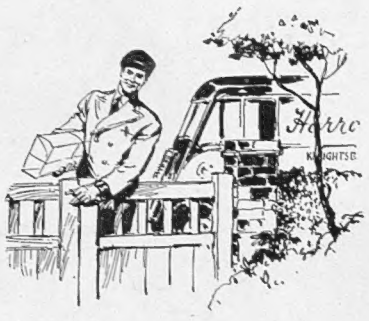

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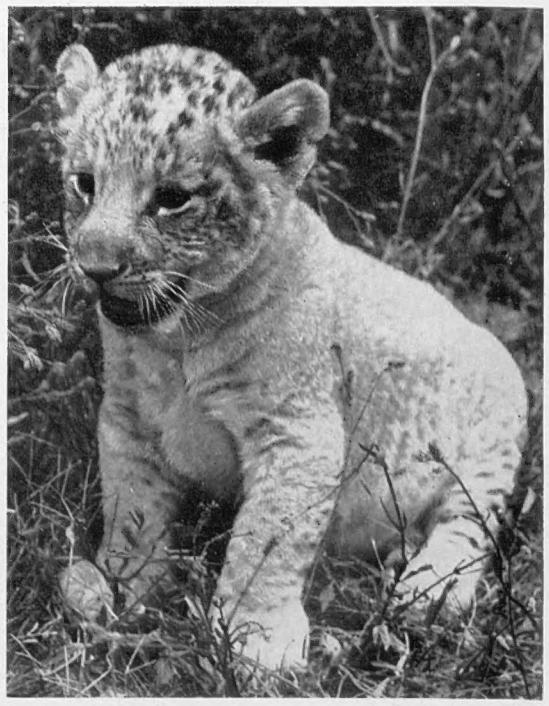

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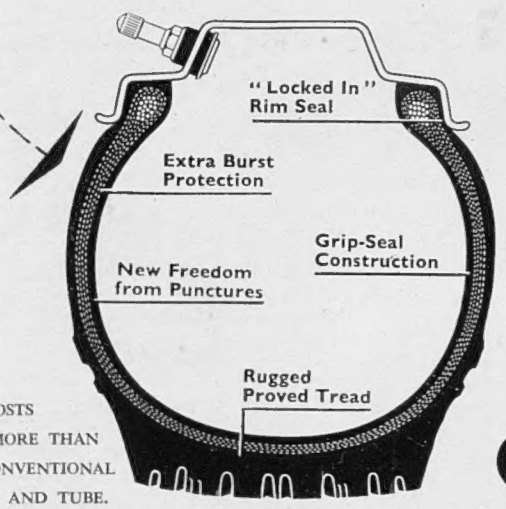

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TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

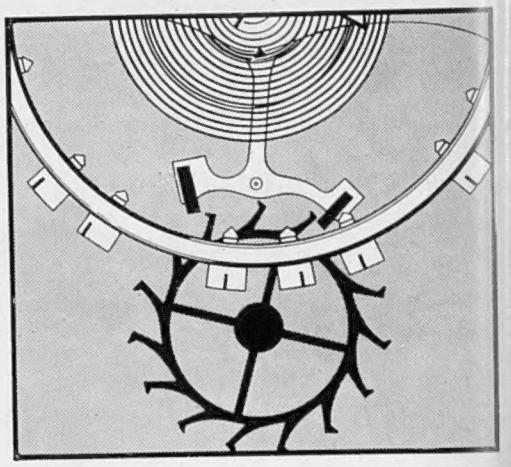
"What is a jewelled-lever watch?"

YOU'RE CHOOSING A WATCH. You want, above all, one that will keep good time for years. About this (your jeweller will explain) two words tell you volumes. Those words are 'jewelled-lever'.

A good watch needs tiny jewels at certain vital points. For jewels resist friction better than the hardest metal. But '*how many* jewels?' is less important than 'jewels *where?*' And the two most vital points of all are on the lever.

All good Swiss jewelled-lever watches have these two essential jewels, cut and polished by the world's most famous watch craftsmen.

Ask your jeweller to explain more fully. Remember, he's a trained expert with an honest pride in his knowledge. He'll help you in a hundred ways, and you can trust his help.



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

These two jewels on the lever-arm lock and release the escape-wheel teeth 432,000 times a day. Only jewels are hard enough to resist wear at this point for years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Volume CCXXI No. 2884

The SPHERE, London, May 21, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE ROYAL CHILDREN AT THEIR FIRST HORSE SHOW—THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WITH PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE, AT WINDSOR: The Royal Family party is seen leaving the Royal Windsor Horse Show after watching the last day's jumping programme. The Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne showed especial interest in the judging of the pony classes, in which Princess Anne's pony William, ridden by Miss Juliet Horder, was awarded a rosette.

It was fitting that the horse-loving children of the Queen should attend their first horse show in the shadow of Windsor Castle, and they obviously enjoyed the events of the last day of Windsor's Royal Horse Show. Both the Duke of Cornwall, who was setting an elegant fashion in shoes for young gentlemen, and Princess Anne have had riding instruction, and it was only natural that their greatest attention should be devoted to the judging of the pony classes. Princess Anne, in fact, had a personal interest in one event, for her pony William, entered by the Queen, was competing. He was ridden by Miss Juliet Horder, daughter of the chief groom of the Royal stud, and was highly commended and awarded a rosette. The Queen, who on the previous evening had attended the floodlit session of the show, saw the challenge cup for teams from all the Services presented by her being won by the "A" team of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, led by Major Dyson, on Water Gypsy. After the show the team for the European Horse Trials, held at Windsor this year, was announced. (Further pictures of the Royal Windsor Horse Show appear on page 315.)

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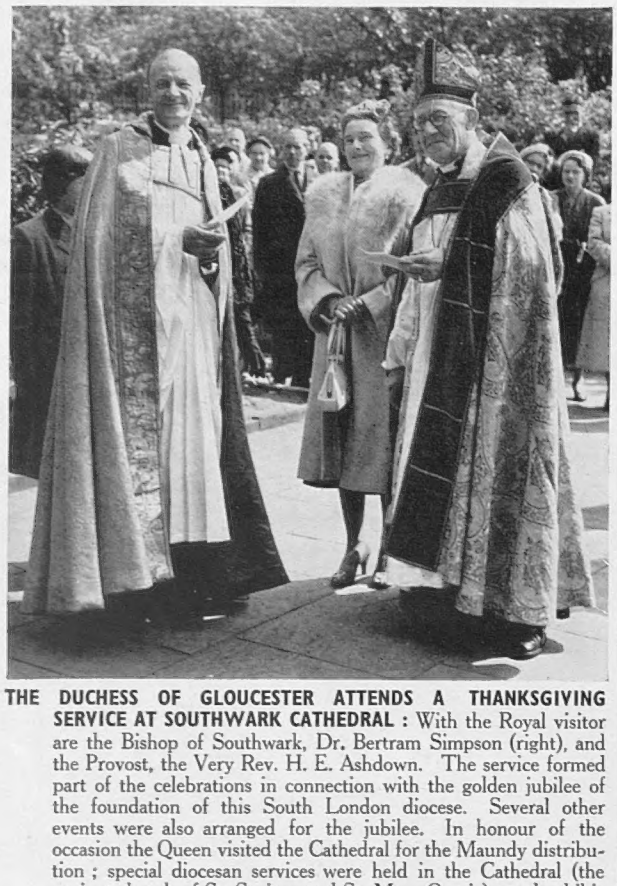
CELEBRATING SOUTHWARK'S JUBILEE



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ATTENDS A THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL : With the Royal visitor are the Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Bertram Simpson (right), and the Provost, the Very Rev. H. E. Ashdown. The service formed part of the celebrations in connection with the golden jubilee of the foundation of this South London diocese. Several other events were also arranged for the jubilee. In honour of the occasion the Queen visited the Cathedral for the Maundy distribution ; special diocesan services were held in the Cathedral (the ancient church of St. Saviour and St. Mary Overie) ; and exhibitions were arranged in parts of the diocese. Last Saturday people from many parts of the diocese of Southwark attended an open-air service and rally at Dulwich Hamlet football ground.

COMMEMORATING ERNEST BEVIN

***On right*— A BRONZE PORTRAIT BUST IS UNVEILED AT BERMONDSEY :** Dame Florence Bevin and the Mayor of Bermondsey, Councillor P. J. Geoghegan, unveil the portrait bust of the late Ernest Bevin in a paved garden in Tooley Street, near Tower Bridge. It stands on a pedestal of Portland stone. Present at the ceremony were Mr. Attlee and representatives of the Transport and General Workers' Union. After the unveiling Mr. Geoghegan spoke of the security which Mr. Bevin had brought to dockland families. Mr. Attlee added his tribute to Bevin as a "World statesman."

SOMALILAND DELEGATES IN LONDON

A PETITION TO THE UNITED NATIONS : Four members of a British Somaliland Protectorate delegation discuss in London, the petition which they are presenting to the United Nations. From left are Mr. Michael Mariano ; Sultan Abdarahman ; Sultan Abdillahi and Mr. Dubeh Ali. They also delivered a copy of the petition to the Colonial Office. Their grievance is that Britain has added 25,000 square miles of their territory to Ethiopia.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.* ; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 ; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.* ; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

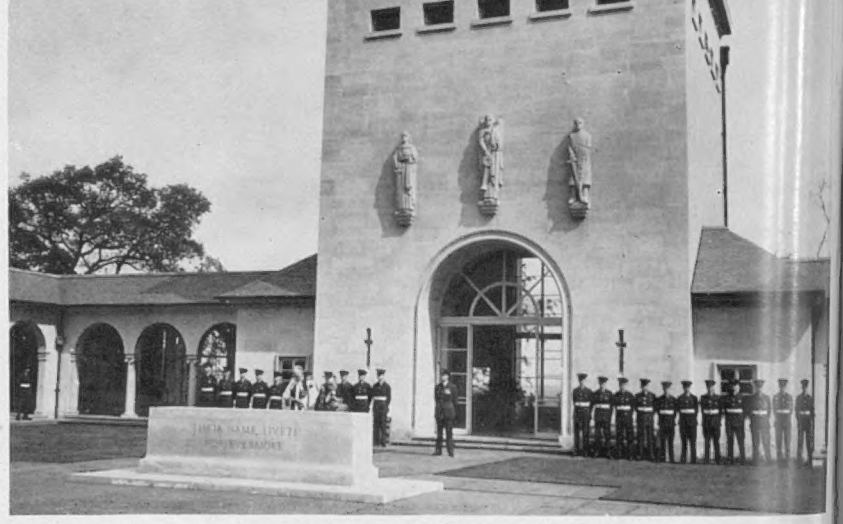
Less Than a Week.—It is less than a week before we know our fate at the polls. The short campaign opened quietly enough ; inevitably, as the day draws nearer, it is brisking-up. With 90 per cent. or more of the electorate practically stone-deaf to persuasion to switch their allegiances, the whole energy of the tub-thumpers is directed to convincing the remaining 10 per cent. of the electorate who, except at Election-time, are labelled wobblers or the floating vote but just now receive the nobler title of reasonable, sensible men. For them, the judicious half-truths, the clever suppression, the bitter taunt and smart riposte, all are employed in a rising spate ; arguments "calculated to convince all men and women of common sense and patriotism." But sometimes in recent elections I have wondered if all this persuasive election energy is not more like the working of a ram than of an efficient crude-oil water engine. The ram is "cheap," certainly, but it wastes two-thirds of the water it raises. So do the tub-thumpers, right and left. For if 90 per cent. of their hearers are stone-deaf to their persuasions, they are crushing a butterfly with a steam-hammer. Their victims, the floating vote, may muster on paper 10 per cent. of the electors, but can they rely on even 5 per cent. weighing the arguments they thunder out ? I doubt it. For even though no particularly attractive side-issue has emerged, as is usual, in the last days before the poll, what do the Ministers and other orators know of the *va-et-vient* in the by-street of *this* city or round *that* village pump, where still politics are spelt pockets and personalities count more than policies ? The Gallup polls may hearten or depress you and me, according to our political colour ; it may or may not "be all right on the day." But I wouldn't care to prophesy. I backed the favourite with my shirt in the political Derby of 1945 and lost my money and my reputation. The electorate is capable of surprising decisions, when it is in the hands of a volatile and small percentage of key-men, or a sudden fountain from a village pump may cause a local landslide.

Personal Questions.—The idea that elections are more often decided by parish-pump politics than by international policies is usually confirmed by my experience of political meetings in rural areas. Our member comes over to our village hall with his eye on his watch, and in a cloud of dust, and he clears the air as well as he can by rattling off a chosen section of his party's manifesto. That done, he offers a grudging five minutes for the game of "Any Questions" while his agent bites his nails and winks at the chairman. One precious minute is wasted before the first of us rustics ventures to rise, while the agent's hopes rise higher. Now our stuttering fire gathers weight. But always we fire small shot, we pepper our member with No. 7. We pass over the atom-bomb, high finance, foreign relations, and we pepper him with our own little grievances. Will our member do his best to prune redundances and extravagance in local government, lower the rates, enlarge the new school, see that the children get more school buses and don't have such embarrassingly long holidays, stop building at our expense absurd London pavements round isolated new council houses, prevent the water-men ruining the road-men's newly-finished surfaces, give us more buses, and prevent *all* buses running over our narrow lanes, save our local railway, prevent the week-enders burning our commons, and generally call a halt to the suburbanisation of our local heritage ? The member, watch in hand, promises vaguely to attend to all these matters, so remote from the high themes of his address, so vital to Auburn Parva, before he hurries on to Auburn Magna for the mixture as before. Small wonder if election-result prophecy is Delphic.

Old-fashioned Mr. Bevan.—Mr. Bevan on his vermin hunt still reveals an extraordinary partiality for living in or dwelling *on* the past. I am sure he evoked at Glasgow several cries of "Hear ! hear !" and "Shame on them" when he told his audience that the Labour Party thrashes out its policy with hard verbal exchanges and in public : not (as the Tories do) "in big country houses." One hundred and twenty years ago the barb might have gone home among Whigs and Tories. But in 1955 ? Can you see Lord Woolton approaching the National Trust for permission to use a box-room or attic in one of their "great country houses" and tipping the official guide for the favour of a fire and, preparations made, organising a secret assembly of his fellow-plotters for secret discussions on a policy for Conservatism ? Frankly, I can't. But Mr. Bevan is so old-fashioned in his ideas as to be more dangerous than a realist among the audiences which flock to hear him. "Shameful" indeed, his picture of these great country houses, with an avenue of powdered footmen half-way up the grand staircase, while the "worker" is revealed, sweated and groaning to provide the luxurious living of the capitalist landlords who rule the country and are the "enemies of Christianity." (A telling party political counter in Glasgow so soon after Billy Graham's campaign.) But it's not a modern work of art. It's an old master, newly varnished ; Nye is an old master of his particular art of demagogy. He was born in the same year (1897) as our Premier. Beside him, Sir Anthony in his broadcast revealed a modernity and realism, a clarity and conviction, which I should think must appeal to youth more persuasively than perpetual insistence on old, far-off unhappy things cited to keep alive a class-hatred which, except among Communists and demagogues, is dead. Digging up the past is not the quickest or best way to a united effort towards social progress.

Grasping the Nettle.—I should be more impressed by the sincerity of party-political pre-election broadcasts (all the same), if the protagonists did not so often avoid mention of what many voters must to-day regard as the most vital issue—these perpetual lawless strikes, which cut at the root not only of our economic survival but of our constitutional democracy and, indeed, our influence in international relations. It was left to Mr. O'Brien, vice-Chairman of the T.U.C., to venture first to grasp a nettle which (on the eve of an election) not one of our aspiring premiers or ministers had yet dared to finger, let alone grasp. And why ? Because this issue is highly contentious, and a promise of resolute handling might lose votes to either side. If the nation's majority, if the T.U.C. itself, is not to-day ready to welcome and *back* the firm promise by a Government to tackle and finish with this evil of indiscipline and breach of the pledged word with a strong hand, then signs of the times have no significance, and the nation and the T.U.C. are alike content to carry on under the mob-rule of a reckless minority intent on the destruction of both and, with them, the workers' sole means of livelihood. There is sense to-day in suggesting that such an effort could be a united effort, for whereas in old days such strikes were the bugbear of Governments and employers, to-day the bulk of the workers themselves are equally victimised. Silent victims, because by the method of decision, they are denied the means to express an honest opinion or to vote as they wish. If they do not go with the hot-head strike committee which drives them, they, each and all, will be noted down as blacklegs and their future employment will be jeopardised. The right of the ballot in political elections is a right which none would dare attack. The same right should apply to industrial decisions which more closely affect a man's livelihood and much more certainly threaten him with penalties, if he goes against the stream. I believe that one courageous piece of oblique legislation would have the overwhelming support of the nation and T.U.s, and would

TEN YEARS AFTER—THE R.A.F. RECALL "VE" DAY



A CEREMONY OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE RUNNYMEDE MEMORIAL, SURREY : The Chaplain of the R.A.F., the Rev. Canon A. S. Giles, takes part in a memorial service on the tenth anniversary of VE-Day. The great cloister memorial on the crest of Cooper's Hill, above the fields of Runnymede, is dedicated to 20,455 airmen of the Commonwealth forces of the last war who have no known graves. It was opened in 1953.

achieve the result which in dictator countries is achieved by banishment, imprisonment and sometimes the death sentence.

A New Industrial Revolution?—I took note of the anxiety expressed recently at Blackpool by the national committee of the A.E.U. It viewed with concern the advance of a new industrial revolution—the press-button age—as a result of startling progress in electronics. In one factory to-day the work of 117 machinists is now being done by forty-one, in another 1,000 radio sets are now being assembled by two men instead of 200. One man can now control 550 separate operations in the assembly of a car engine. These no doubt are grave shadows before, and no one supposes that the advances of science can be long resisted. But men don't live for ever, and a generation usually has enough to do to secure its own generation's livelihood, if it can. Why hurry the process of self-destruction? It is fair to assume that, after recent experience of the ever rising cost of employing labour and of insensate strikes and restrictive practices and constant demands for more and threats of trouble, an employer, be he head of a nationalised or private concern, might view with satisfaction a greatly reduced weekly pay-roll (ever on the up and up) and even the prospect of inducing sweet reason and restraint into two instead of 200 heads at one of his benches. For the more there are in a crowd, the more certain that some will be convinced by heady words or wild rumour. Full employment is a nation's need as it is the worker's, but it is not a unilateral ideal. For one thing, it ultimately depends on the workers working and not withholding their labour; for full employment depends on output which is full employment in another sense. The committee, in asking that a fact-finding body should investigate this danger to full employment, struck me as curiously unrealistic. It is going back to the days of the wrecking of new machines which threatened man-produced jobs. One might have expected with logic a demand for some fact-finding into the possibilities of new sources of production and other useful work to absorb labour made redundant by electronic advance. But the era of the "worker" as dictator and most favoured national is still at its height and the job of sawing the branch he sits on goes merrily on. Whatever the grievances which started the Yorkshire coal strike, the Coal Board was ready to examine them the moment the men returned to work. Its spread and its damaging continuance were solely due to questions of face. The Doncaster men were determined that the Board must "bow the knee" to them. There must be a token "talk" of ten minutes before the men resumed.

"Civis Romanus Sum."—Some months ago in THE SPHERE I explained the elaborate procedure required in the case of Pontecorvo before his British citizenship could be taken from him, his right to it being so cherished a freedom and privilege. This paragraph, it seems, caught the eye of a British general, now retired and living in South Africa. In so far as the case of his own family is relevant, it seems to reveal a large exception. He writes:—

To take my own family as an example—I believe that there are thousands similarly affected. My grandfather went to India from Scotland in the '30's of the last century. He married the daughter of the Governor of Bengal, a Grey and so a sort of cousin of Eden.

All his children were born in India, including my father, who went to England at an early age to be educated and returned in due course after graduating at Addiscombe—in the Bengal Horse Artillery.

In due course he, too, married the daughter of a R.E. officer and, naturally all his children were born in India, I am the sole fortunate exception having been born in England.

Later I, too, went to India and joined the Indian Army; my children also were born in that country, their mother being from Norfolk.

All this time India was not a dominion, but a dependency, and there was never, during the period of a century covered by this family, any suggestion that any of them were anything but British citizens.

In 1948 (after we had all left India) an act was passed at the request of Nehru and Malan was it not?) which deprived every one of us of his British citizenship and made us all Indian subjects and ineligible for British passports—once again I am myself the fortunate exception.

Thanks to this, I have been able to restore to my own children their *right* to British citizenship, but my brother and sisters are helpless in the matter. Their children, born in India, are Indians and, so far as one can see, *ad infinitum*.

British justice is not such a noble institution as you suppose. I doubt if there is anything you can do about it, but you may care to try.

The point is new to me. It may interest some reader, who knows more of this intricate subject than I do, to examine and ventilate it.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BACKGROUND TO THE AUSTRIAN STATE TREATY

By LINDLEY FRASER

also

THE OPENING RACES AT COWES

By UFFA FOX

With photographs and a painting by Montague Dawson

also

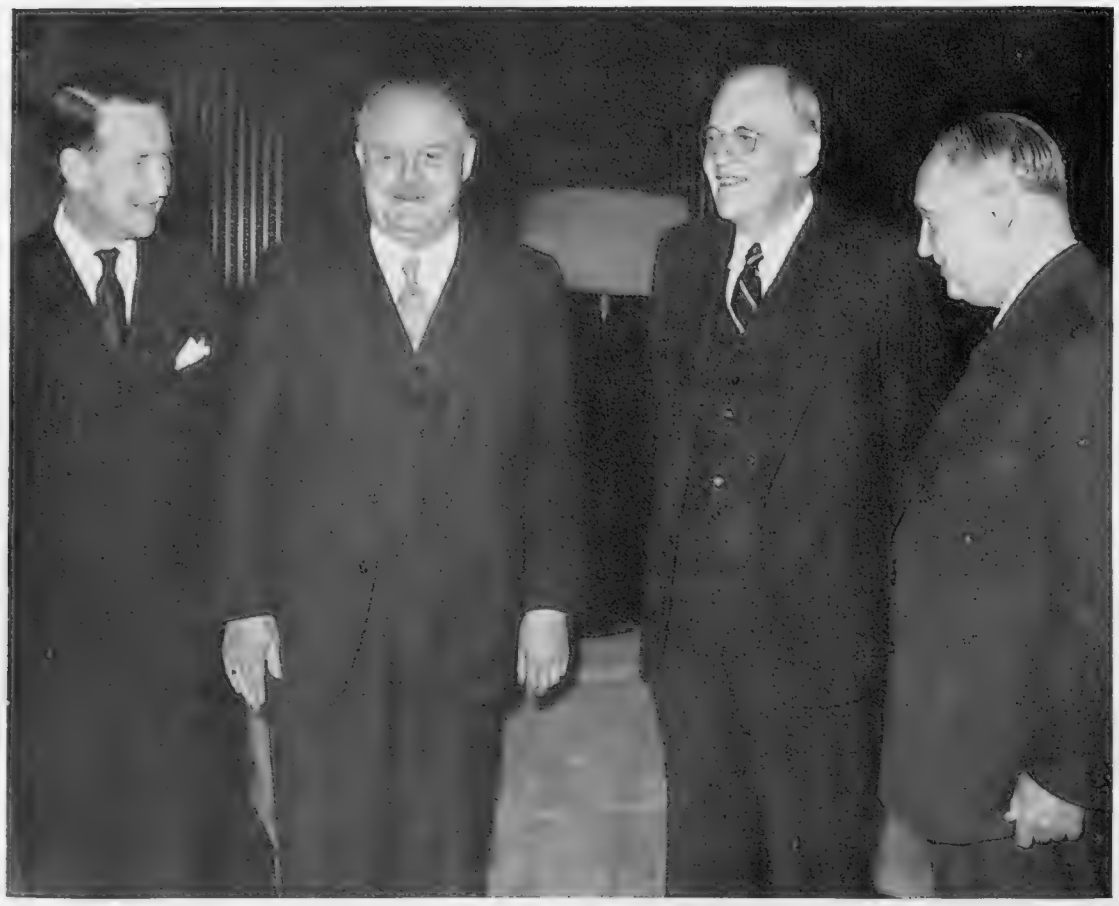
THE OPENING OF THE GLEN SHIRA SCHEME OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND HYDRO-ELECTRIC BOARD

PARLIAMENTARY PROCLAMATIONS IN SCOTLAND'S CAPITAL

OFFICERS OF THE LYON COURT READ TWO ROYAL PROCLAMATIONS AT THE MERCAT CROSS, EDINBURGH: The Lord Lyon, King of Arms, Sir Thomas Innes, superintends the reading of the proclamations—one dissolving Parliament and calling for a new one, and the other summoning the Scottish peers to meet and to elect sixteen of their number to sit in the House of Lords. Each proclamation was preceded by a fanfare played by the State Trumpeters and followed by a fanfare and the Royal Salute. The guard of honour was provided by the 69th Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery, with the Gordon Highlanders' band. The peers will meet in the Great Hall of Parliament House, in Edinburgh, on May 23. They usually meet at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, but on this occasion it will be in use as the residence of the Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland. All adult peers of the Peerage of Scotland are entitled to vote.

A SPRINGTIME CEREMONY ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE

THE ANNUAL REVIVAL OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CEREMONY OF GUARD-MOUNTING: The Queen's Colour is trooped by the 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards, which provided the Queen's Guard on the day of the ceremony. This ceremony originated in the eighteenth century when the Battalion providing the guard for the day trooped the Colour which was carried in the King's Guard. It is observed now during May and June, when the Queen's Guard mounts from the Horse Guards Parade. These parades are not rehearsals for the Queen's Birthday Parade.



BEFORE THE SIGNING OF THE AUSTRIAN STATE TREATY IN VIENNA : From left are—Mr. Thompson, U.S. Ambassador ; Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor ; Mr. John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State ; and Dr. Schärf, the Austrian Vice-Chancellor.

BRITAIN'S FOREIGN SECRETARY ARRIVES : Mr. Harold Macmillan is greeted at the airport in Vienna by Dr. Figl, the Austrian Foreign Minister. In his speech at the signing of the Treaty in the Belvedere last Sunday, Mr. Macmillan paid tribute to the work done in connection with the Treaty by his predecessors at the Foreign Office, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Morrison and Sir Anthony Eden.

AUSTRIA RECOVERS HER INDEPENDENCE

Vienna Acclaims the Signing of the Treaty which Restores Austrian Freedom After Seventeen Years

Last week-end Vienna recaptured some of the glory of the great Congress of 140 years ago, for the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, America and Russia met with the Austrian representatives to sign the State Treaty, returning to Austria the freedom she had lost to Hitler in 1938. The scene for the ceremony was in the magnificent Belvedere Palace.

By the Treaty, all Occupation troops must leave Austria by the end of this year; Russia hands back to Austria all Soviet-held assets and properties ; Nazi organisations are dissolved; Austria must not experiment with or possess any nuclear weapons ; *Anschluss* (union) with Germany is forbidden. In subsidiary Declarations, Austria undertakes to maintain "perpetual" neutrality and the four former Occupying Powers guarantee that neutrality and Austria's frontiers. (This is a parallel to the famous guarantee of Swiss neutrality in the Vienna Congress of 1815.) The successful conclusion of these negotiations is a great triumph for the West. The next step, which was discussed by the Foreign Ministers in Vienna, is a top-level meeting of the Big Four, to which Russia signified agreement in principle.

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS OF FRANCE AND THE SOVIET UNION : *On left* Dr. Figl welcomes M. Pinay to Vienna. *On right* the Austrian Foreign Minister is meeting Mr. Molotov at the airport. Even more important than the signature of the Treaty restoring freedom to Austria were the conversations between the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France, America and Russia to discuss the projected meeting of their four Powers "at the summit."

VIENNA REJOICES : *On left*—Some of the great crowd which roared its acclamation is seen from the Belvedere after the Treaty had been signed. In the left background rises the spire of St. Stephen's Cathedral. *On right*—A group of Viennese cheer the restoration of their country's freedom. The weather was wet, but this could have been a good omen. For it had been a fine day, over seventeen years ago, when Hitler entered Vienna—also to cheers—and abolished Austria's independence.

THE TREATY IS SIGNED: Seated behind the table in the Belvedere Palace are, from the left: Mr. Dulles; Mr. Ilyichev, the Soviet Ambassador; Mr. Molotov (signing); Dr. Figl; Mr. Macmillan; Sir Geoffrey Wallinger, the U.K. Ambassador; and M. Pinay. The massive volume of the Treaty was bound in green morocco leather with gold tooling. This had been made by the same firm of bookbinders which had bound the treaties of the Congress of Vienna in 1815.

THE AUSTRIAN MINISTERS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR PART IN THE PACT: Dr. Figl reports on the signature of the Treaty to his Chancellor, Herr Julius Raab. In supplementary Declarations Austria's strict neutrality is affirmed.

ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS: After the ceremony the signatories of the Treaty come on to a balcony of the Belvedere Palace to acknowledge the cheers of the crowds below. Second from the left is Dr. Figl. Then to the right are M. Pinay, Mr. Molotov, Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Dulles.

LUNCH WITH THE PRESIDENT: At the table are, from the left: Dr. Schärf, Mr. John Foster Dulles, Dr. Theodor Körner, the President of Austria, and Mr. Molotov, at a luncheon in the Presidential residence in the Hofburg. Mr. Macmillan is second from left behind them.

TOWARDS STILL HAPPIER SETTLEMENTS?: Mr. Dulles says good-bye to Mr. Molotov after a final reception at the Schönbrunn, while Mr. Macmillan looks on. The agreement on Austrian freedom may lead to a wider accord between the West and the U.S.S.R.

FOREIGN SURVEY

A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF RECENT EVENTS IN EUROPE, ASIA AND THE UNITED STATES

BERLINERS WITH SHORT MEMORIES CELEBRATE: Armed members of Communist factory "fighting groups" are seen massed in East Berlin's Marx-Engels-Platz, formerly the Lustgarten, for the rally held to celebrate the tenth anniversary of Germany's defeat, in Communist parlance the Day of Liberation. At the extreme left is the cathedral. Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister, was among the notabilities on the rostrum.

SOVIET DIGNITARIES IN BERLIN: Waving cheerfully are Mr. Pervukhin, left, a Soviet First deputy Premier, and Marshal Zhukov, the Russian Defence Minister. Between them is Herr Grotewohl, the East German Premier. They had been laying wreaths at a memorial in East Berlin.

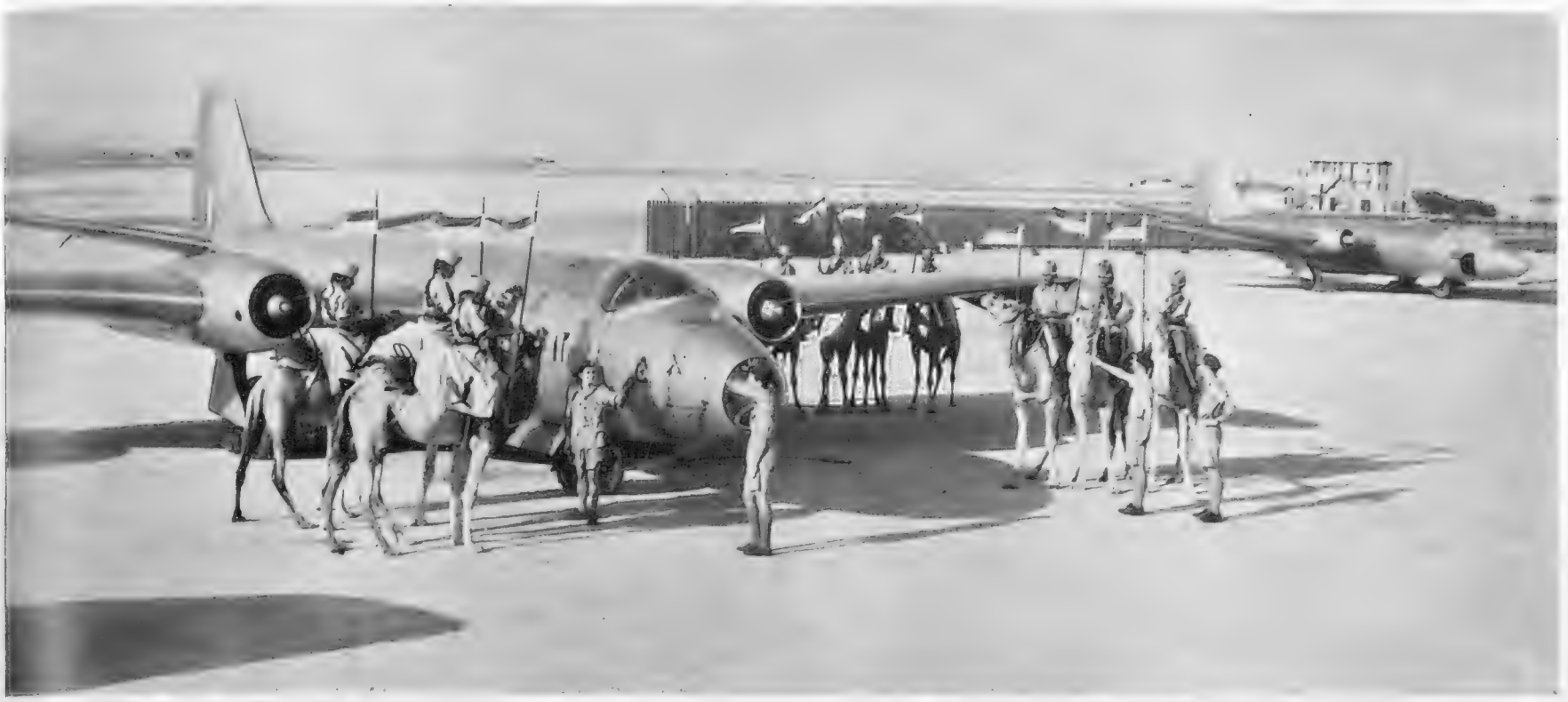
Those who recalled the tenth anniversary of the end of the war in Berlin earlier this month must have had short memories, for if they had gone back yet another ten years, to the heyday of the Hitler era, they would have found many similarities between the parade which they were witnessing outside the old cathedral and the monster rallies which the storm troopers held at the Sportpalast and in Nuremberg in the 1930's. There were the same dense masses of armed men, the same rostrums filled with uniformed notabilities, the same monotony of flags surrounding the parade ground. There were even the same pictures of young children marching proudly by the side of the armed men. There was no mistaking the military nature of this parade, and all pretence of "peaceful co-existence" was dropped.

To emphasise the point, the guests of honour at the rally were Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister, and Mr. Peng Teh-huai, who holds a similar office in Communist China.

A TRADE AGREEMENT BETWEEN JAPAN AND COMMUNIST CHINA: *On left*—Mr. Lei Jen-min, left, Chinese Vice-Minister for Foreign Trade, and Mr. Shozo Murata, Chairman of the Japanese Council for the Promotion of International Trade, signing the agreement in Tokyo. *On right*—The two representatives are seen exchanging the documents, which provide for trade between the two countries next year worth £30,000,000 either way. This trade agreement, which was signed after a number of delays, follows the pattern of that signed last year, but this time it is hoped that it will be rather more fulfilled. Last year, when Mr. Yoshida's Government was still strongly under American influence only 37 per cent. of the agreement was taken up. This year, under Mr. Hatoyama's Government, it is hoped that it will be fulfilled to the extent of 80 per cent. One of the points in Mr. Hatoyama's election programme was closer relations between Communist China and the Soviet Union, and better trade relations. Although the two trade delegations which negotiated the agreement have no diplomatic status, they have the full backing of their Governments.

NEW YORK'S BOAT RACE: Not a spectator lines the embankment of the Harlem River as three of America's best university crews compete in the "heavyweight regatta" in New York, whose skyline can be seen in the distance. The crews are, from left, Columbia University, who won; Boston University, who came second, and, trailing well behind, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who came last.

SECURING THE BALKAN MILITARY ALLIANCE: Mr. Adnan Menderes, the Turkish Prime Minister, left, with Marshal Tito and his wife in Belgrade. Mr. Menderes paid a four-day visit to the Yugoslav capital during which he exchanged views with President Tito and other Yugoslav leaders on the Balkan military alliance which was signed by their two countries and Greece last year. It is believed that the Turkish Prime Minister sought still closer co-operation between the armed forces of the three countries, but that the Yugoslavs were wary of committing themselves too far. Turkey and Greece are also members of N.A.T.O., to which Marshal Tito has steadfastly refused to adhere.



EAST AND WEST, OLD AND NEW MEET AT ADEN : A Canberra jet bomber is seen on the tarmac of the Royal Air Force station at Khormaksar, Aden, surrounded by mounted men of the Aden Protectorate Levies' Camel Troop. The Bomber Command Canberra belongs to No. 21 Squadron. With No. 27 Squadron it was on a visit from Scampton, Lincolnshire, for a month's training with the Middle East Air Force. The Protectorate Levies' Camel Troop is recruited from Western Aden tribesmen and serves under the R.A.F. Regiment to assist in the protection of aerodromes.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IS RECEIVED BY THE POPE : With His Holiness are seen, at the Vatican, from left, Sir Douglas Howard, British Ambassador to the Holy See, the Duke of Gloucester, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander and Major Howard. The Duke had a fifteen-minute private talk with the Pope, during which he conveyed the Queen's best wishes for the Pope's early restoration to full health. He was visiting Rome during his tour of Central Italy with General Sir John Crocker and Field-Marshal Earl Alexander, calling at Commonwealth war cemeteries.

THE DALAI LAMA'S BROTHER IS WOOED BY COMMUNIST CHINA : This family man at home in Darjeeling is Gyalo Thondup, the twenty-seven-year-old brother of the Dalai Lama, spiritual head of the Tibetan people, who has joined the élite of Communist China. Thondup is seen with his wife and two of his three children, Ann, aged five, being the eldest. Thondup left Tibet for India after the Chinese took over his country, but aware of his indirect importance to good relations with the Tibetan people, Communist emissaries have tried to persuade him to return. His personal allowance, which was cut off two years ago, has been restored to him, and even the Dalai Lama himself has been enlisted in the effort to persuade him to return. But so far Thondup has withstood these blandishments and is determined to remain, poor but honest, at Darjeeling.

NEW SHAPES ON THE CAMPUS : A view through the broad windows of the new Kresge Auditorium at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, at Cambridge, Mass. At the right is the new cylindrical chapel, and on left one of the Institute's more traditional buildings. In the foreground is a model of the new architecture on the University's campus, with the spherical auditorium, which can seat 1,200 people, prominently in the foreground. *On right*—**Another view of the chapel, with the auditorium in the distance. The chapel will stand in a moat of water, and on top of it will be an aluminium spire taller than the building itself. Light will be reflected into the interior by the moat. The Institute moved to its present 80-acre site from Boston forty years ago.**

THE WARSAW CONFERENCE IN SESSION : The delegates assembled in the Polish capital for the conference of Communist states last week. On the far side is the Soviet delegation, led by the Prime Minister, Marshal Bulganin. On the extreme left are the Polish delegates, led by Marshal Rokossovski.

THE COMMUNISTS PLAN A MILITARY COMMAND

The Warsaw Conference Last Week Saw the Planning of a United Military Organisation of Soviet and Satellite Countries

THE DRIVING FORCE AT THE CONFERENCE : The Russian delegation. From left are Marshal Koniev, Deputy Defence Minister ; Mr. Molotov, Foreign Minister ; Marshal Bulganin ; and Marshal Zhukov, Defence Minister. It was the task of the Russian delegates at the Warsaw Conference to launch an active unified military command of Soviet and East European satellite forces.

Marshal Bulganin and his extremely strong delegation set out on an unusually delicate mission when they left for Warsaw last week. For they had to ensure that the conference of Communist countries, which was being held there, should create a climate of opinion in the satellite countries which would agree willingly to the merging of their armed forces with those of the Soviet Union. This can be no easy task, for all the satellite countries have, at one time or another, been "liberated" by Soviet troops, and the memories of those very unpleasant days are apt to linger. Nor can the offer of high-level talks between East and West, which came from Paris as the conference opened, have improved the Marshal's chances. However, the conference set about its task in a business-like manner, and after all the Prime Ministers had spoken of the advantages which would accrue from the East European military organisation, the Defence and Foreign Ministers got down to the details of the new organisation in committees under Marshal Zhukov and Mr. Molotov.

THE LEADERS OF THE COMMUNISTS' ANSWER TO N.A.T.O. : Marshal Rokossovski (left) Minister of Defence of Poland, in conversation with Marshal Zhukov and Marshal Koniev, who was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the new unified High Command, the Communists' "eastern N.A.T.O." Marshal Rokossovski commands the Polish Army, largest of the satellite forces.

THE SOVIET DELEGATES ARRIVE : Marshal Bulganin reads a speech on his arrival at Warsaw Airport. His arrival for the conference coincided with the offer by the Western Powers to hold high-level talks with Russia. The Soviet Premier gave qualified approval to the offer.

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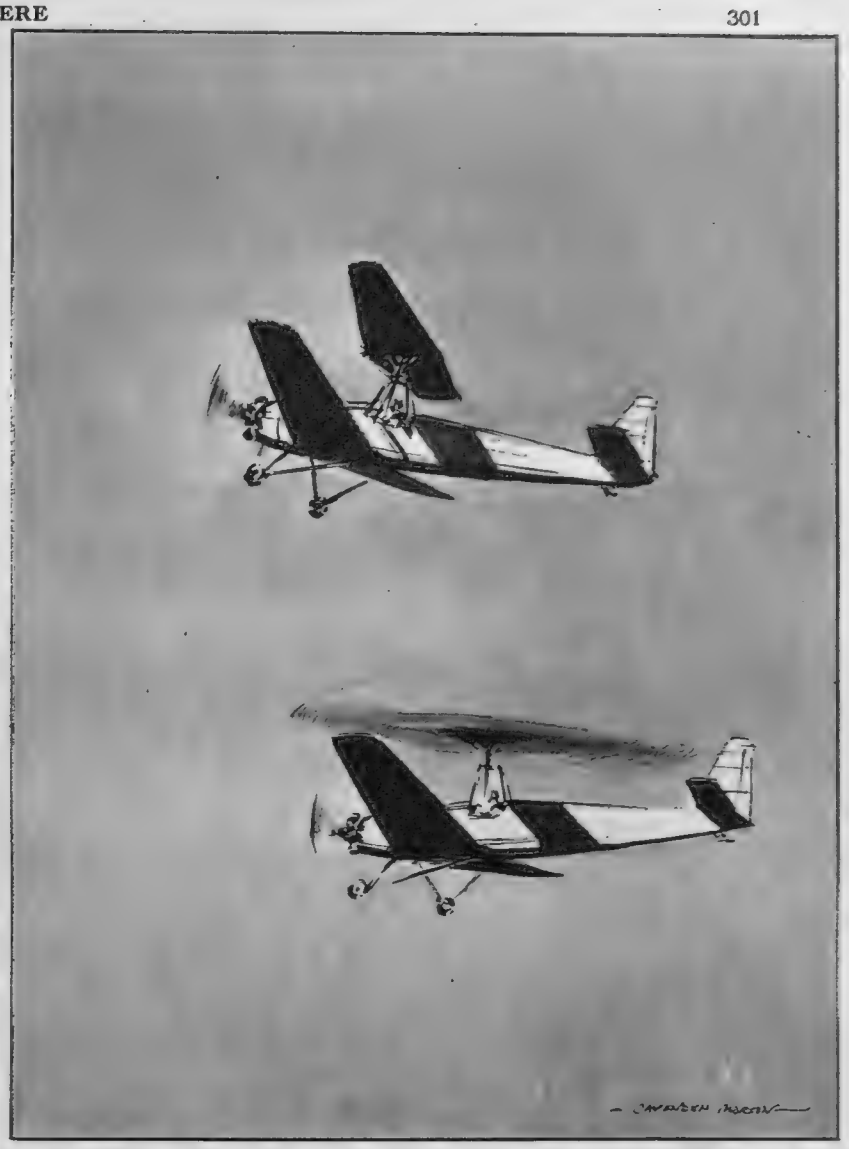
A COMBINATION CONVERTIBLE AIRCRAFT WHICH WOULD ENABLE JET PLANES TO LAND VERTICALLY: This is an American suggestion in which the jet plane is carried by a helicopter for take-off, as shown in the top drawing. When sufficient forward speed has been reached in the air, the jet plane continues alone.



ONE OF THE EARLIEST CONVERTIPLANES: The Herrick "Convertoplane" which was built and flown before the war. This aircraft actually took off as a biplane, with the top wing fixed, as seen in the top drawing. Once in the air, the pilot allowed the top wing to revolve and the Convertoplane flew like an autogiro. This arrangement was not found to be very satisfactory, although the Herrick Corporation have plans for an advanced type of this aircraft.

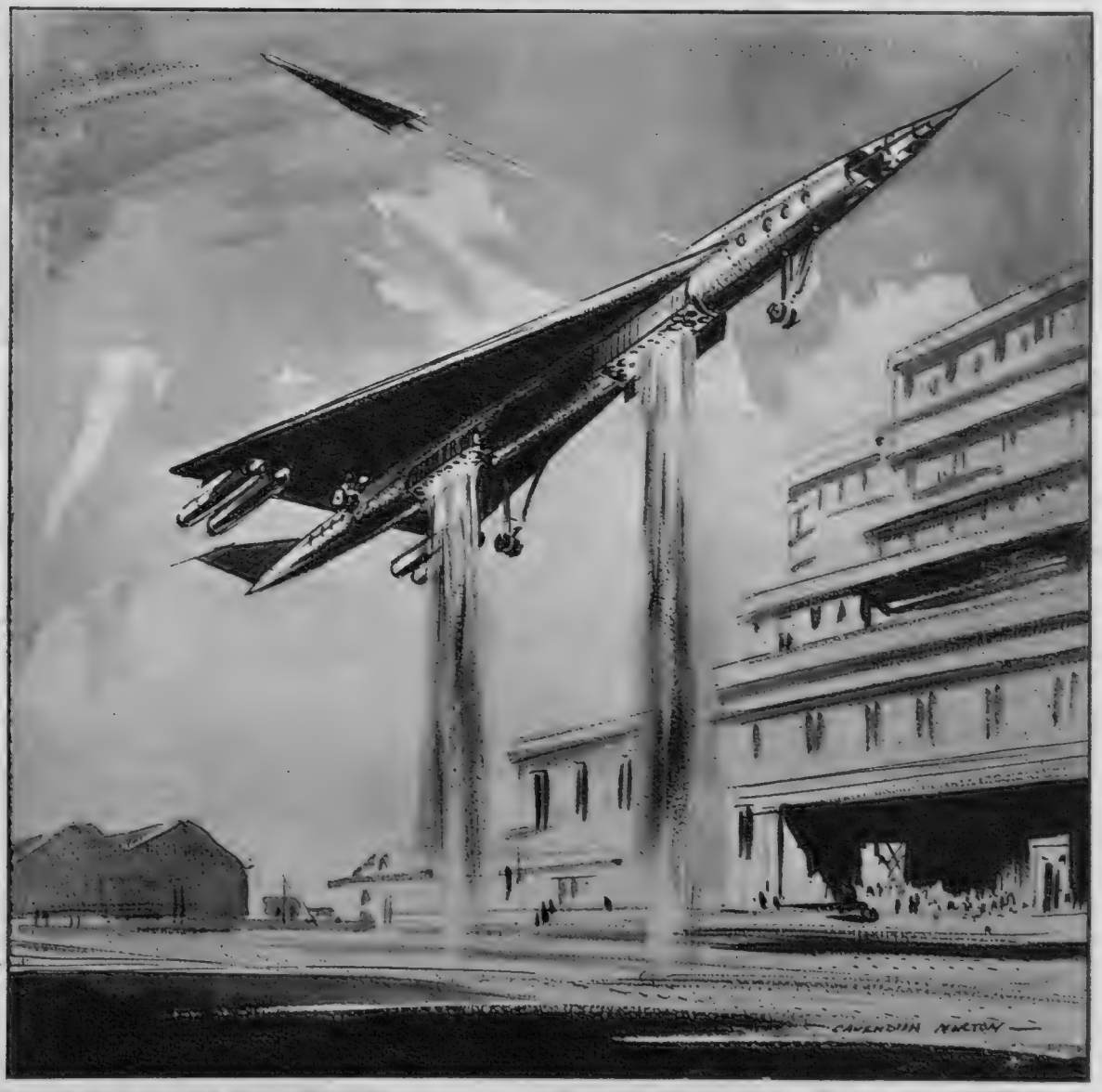
of facing forwards to see his instruments, and facing backwards to see where he is going, and the landing hazard which is such a drawback to the two American planes is considerably reduced. The originator of this idea is Raoul Hafner, of the Bristol Aeroplane Company.

These three types of convertible aircraft are, at the moment, the only serious contenders for service on the short-haul routes of the future. Within the next five years or so we should see one, two or even all three types in use for different purposes. But apart from the jet-plane-tug combination, all suffer from one drawback: they depend upon a propeller for forward speed. This can never hope to compete with the jet engine on trans-atlantic or other long journeys, where speed is essential.

Rolls-Royce have, however, by building the "Flying Bedstead," opened the way to an entirely new type of convertible aircraft. This British firm foresees that V.T.O. engines developed from the "Flying Bedstead" will be used in an airliner which could travel at twice the speed of the Comet, as well as landing and taking off vertically. The aircraft envisaged would have two batteries of small but very powerful V.T.O. engines near the nose and tail, and two or four larger engines for forward propulsion. The designers of this aircraft would not have to worry about building a wing capable of supporting the liner at a reasonable landing speed, as this would be done by the V.T.O. engines, and would be free to construct a wing intended only for high-speed flight. Drag would then be cut down by an enormous amount. Such an aircraft could cruise at 1,300 m.p.h. and would not need a runway.

Some fifteen years at least is expected to pass before such aircraft become practical, and during this time helicopters will be fighting for existence against the convertibles. It is almost certain that the latter will replace the helicopter in many roles, but pure rotary-winged aircraft have still to reach the peak of their development. People who regard the awkward-looking but most useful helicopter with affection may rest assured that it will be giving valuable service for many years to come.

The development of convertible aircraft is proceeding rapidly and large sums of money are now being spent on research, especially in America. Many different types and configurations are being built and tested on both sides of the Atlantic—some will prove to be comparative failures, but all will add to the knowledge of the designer. The practical convertible aircraft will soon be a reality, and when it comes it is assured of a place in aviation.



THE CONVERTIPLANE OF THE FUTURE: This impression by Cavendish Morton shows a jet-powered aircraft which could land and take off vertically and fly forward at supersonic speeds. It is seen here taking off under the power of two batteries of specially-designed vertical take-off engines. One can be seen near the nose and the other towards the tail. Once at a safe height, the power could gradually be transferred from the V.T.O. jets to the normal forward propulsion jets until the wings were providing sufficient lift to remain airborne.

AIR NEWS FROM THREE CONTINENTS

A SURVEY OF RECENT AIRCRAFT DEVELOPMENTS IN ASIA, AMERICA AND EUROPE

It is expected that B.E.A. will be losing some £300 a day when they start regular helicopter services between the South Bank and London Airport in June. There are two reasons why this loss will be incurred. In the first place, it is important that B.E.A. should have experience in operating a helicopter service in the very near future, but, unfortunately, there are not, at the moment, helicopters sufficiently developed to ensure running such services at a profit. When such aircraft are available, however, B.E.A. will reap the benefit of taking this bold but expensive step. The operating cost of the S-55 is further increased by the fact that it is flying over a built-up area. It is a rule that any helicopter flying regularly over cities should have twin-engine safety. This means that if one engine fails, the aircraft will be able to maintain height on the other. The S-55 has a single engine and has to be fitted with large floats to enable it to descend on the river in the event of engine failure. Another penalty is imposed by the silencer. The S-55 is capable of carrying eight passengers, but those used by B.E.A. will, because of the floats and silencer, be restricted to four. A third helicopter has now been ordered and will be delivered some time in July.

AIRBORNE WITH FLOATS: The helicopter flies over the South Bank. B.E.A. already have two of these helicopters, and have ordered a third from the Westland Company. This will be delivered in July.

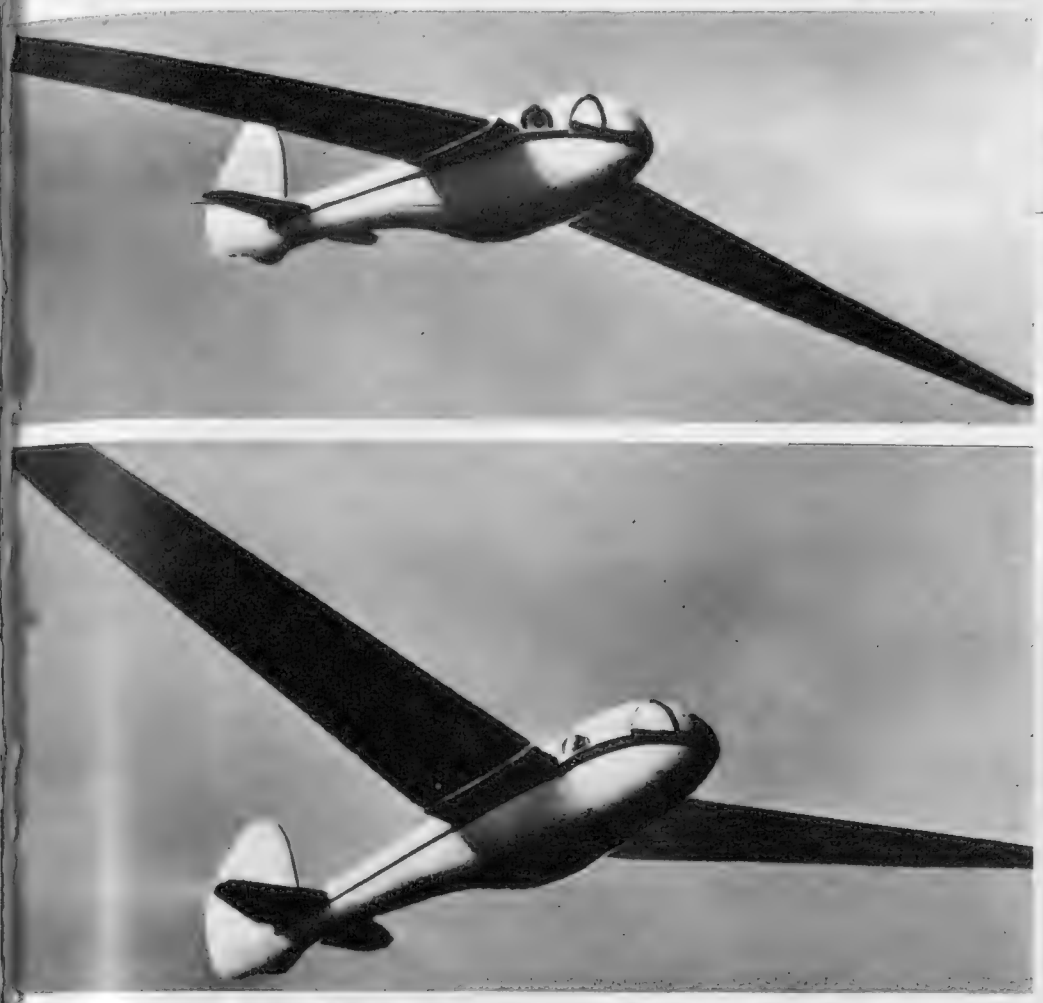
THE FIRST REGULAR LONDON HELICOPTER SERVICE: Resplendent in the red, white and silver colours of British European Airways, a Westland S-55 helicopter is seen on the South Bank landing site before making the first of the proving flights for the services which start next month. Passengers using this route will pay 35s. for the single journey and will be at London Airport within seventeen minutes. The journey by road takes over one hour.

On right—

THE PENALTIES OF OPERATING A HELICOPTER SERVICE IN LONDON: The S-55 has to be fitted with floats as a safety measure, and a silencer to reduce noise nuisance.

On right—

FLYING RADAR STATIONS UNDER CONSTRUCTION: A view along the production-line at the Lockheed factory, Burbank, California, where the huge RC-121C aircraft are being built. This is a military version of the well-known Super Constellation airliner. It carries a mass of electronic equipment, including height-finding radar, which is carried in the 8-ft.-tall dome on the back of the aircraft, and surveillance radar in a huge tank-like radome under the belly. A galley, bunks and equipment repair shop are also installed in the RC-121C and a crew of thirty-one can be carried for long-range missions. A large number of these planes have been ordered, both for the Air Force and the U.S. Navy, in which service they will be known as WV-1's. By carrying the electronic equipment to great heights, much of the difficulty encountered when using radar near the ground is overcome. A greater area is covered when radar is used at height. These aircraft will keep a round-the-clock radar watch along the east coast of America. The original Constellation aircraft was designed in 1939 for use on civil air routes, but the design was then switched for military needs, and the first civil Constellation did not fly until 1947. The Super Constellation is a bigger and speedier version of this aircraft. Five different types of Super Constellation are now being produced.



RUSSIA INVENTS THE ORNITHOPTER : The glider which utilises wings which flap was first shown on Aviation Day at Tushino Airport, Moscow, last year. This picture was copied from a Soviet magazine. When seen last year, the glider was towed by a powered aeroplane from which it was released. It then began flapping the wings very slowly. All that can be gained from this movement, which is performed manually by the pilot, is probably a slight increase in forward speed and a somewhat prolonged glide. The designer was a young Ukrainian, Alexander Manotskov. Since the early misfortunes of Icarus, ornithopter designers have been dogged by failure, and there is no reason to suspect that Russia has found the complete answer.

A MORE ORTHODOX GLIDER MADE IN GERMANY : Designed by a concern known as the Academic Flight Group of Munich, and built by Firma Scheibe, of Munich-Dachau, the Mue-22, as it has been called, utilises several unusual features. Among these are the wings, which are swept forward, and the "butterfly"-type tail assembly. The glider has been built for the civil market and is expected to sell at about £700. It has a span of 54 ft. 6 ins. and a length of 30 ft.

LUFTHANSA FLIES THE ATLANTIC ONCE AGAIN : This Super Constellation, wearing the colours of the newly-formed German civil airline, is the first of a fleet of eight ordered for long-distance services. It is seen on the delivery flight from America to Hamburg. The long-distance flights are to start in June.

A HELICOPTER TO THE RESCUE—ONCE AGAIN A ROTARY WINGED CRAFT DEMONSTRATES ITS VERSATILITY : *Above*—An American-built Piasecki H-21 belonging to the Royal Canadian Air Force hovers over a small private plane which has sunk through the ice in a small lake in the heart of Canadian bush country. *Below*—The rescue completed. Despite the fact that its landing skis were trapped under the ice, the aeroplane was freed by the helicopter without undue trouble. The small Cessna 180 private aircraft had landed on the lake and its skis had sunk through the ice. The surrounding bush country precluded rescue by road, and as the melting ice threatened to drop the aeroplane to the bottom of the lake, the Air Force were called in. Once a rope had been fastened round the plane, a few delicate manœuvres by the helicopter freed the skis from the ice, and the Cessna was deposited on firmer ground. Here, the fuselage was emptied of lake water, the sling checked and made firm, and the helicopter carried the plane eighteen miles to an airfield. The only damage was a bent propeller tip.

ANOTHER SALVAGE FEAT BY THE ROYAL NAVY : The British salvage vessel H.M.S. *Barford* hauls on board an engine of the Super Constellation, belonging to Air India, which crashed into the South China Sea in early April. Among the passengers were eight Chinese Communist officials, who were on their way to the Afro-Asian Conference at Bandoeng. The news was followed immediately by a Communist accusation of sabotage on the part of American and Chinese Nationalist agents. This was denied. Divers who have seen the aircraft say that it appears fairly intact.

NEWS FROM THE RAILROADS

Recent Developments in the United States in Railway Track Laying and in Passenger Travel

THE FIRST 1,440-FT. LENGTHS OF RAIL ARE READY FOR LAYING IN THE MOJAVE DESERT: On the thirty flat cars in the desert near the boundary between California and Arizona are twelve lengths of pressure-welded steel rails, each 1,440 ft. in length.

The familiar "clickety-click" of a train's wheels running over the joints in the line will become a memory on the forty-mile stretch in the Mojave Desert, when the present relaying programme of the Santa Fe Railway is completed. For instead of rail sections 39 ft. long, there will now be sections 1,440 ft. long, welded together at Needles, California. The complete lengths of rail are moved on thirty flat cars, carrying twelve at a time, to the site on which they are to be laid.

The present project on the boundary of California and Arizona is only part of a wider experiment which the Santa Fe Railway is undertaking with the extended lengths of pressure-welded rail. Altogether 103 miles of railway will be relaid with the new rails, and the railway authorities will then be able to confirm in actual service what tests have hitherto promised: that considerable economy in the maintenance of railway track will be effected by the use of the extended lengths.

SPANNING THE COLORADO RIVER: The long line of flat cars carrying the new rail welded into 1,440-ft. lengths is seen crossing the Colorado River, the boundary between California and Arizona, not far from the Boulder Dam.

WHERE THE RAIL IS WELDED: The twin assembly-line at Needles. The building in the foreground contains two oxy-acetylene welding machines and two hydraulic pressure devices, which apply 2,400 deg. of heat and force the rails together at a pressure of up to 50,000 lb. per square inch.

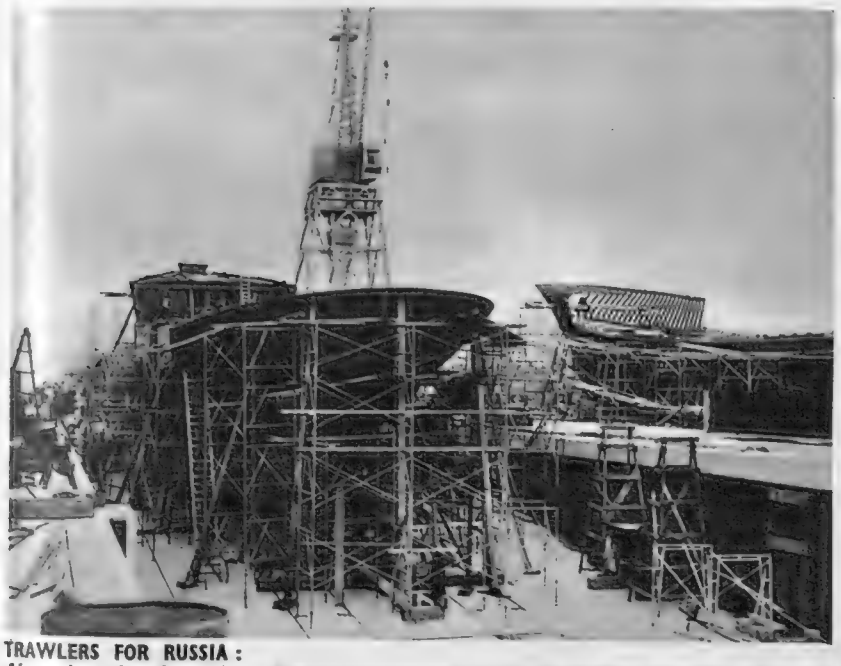
EATING ON THREE LEVELS ON THE UNION PACIFIC: Breakfast in the upper portion of an Astra Dome dining-car on the Union Pacific's service. *On left*, the exterior of the three-level carriage.

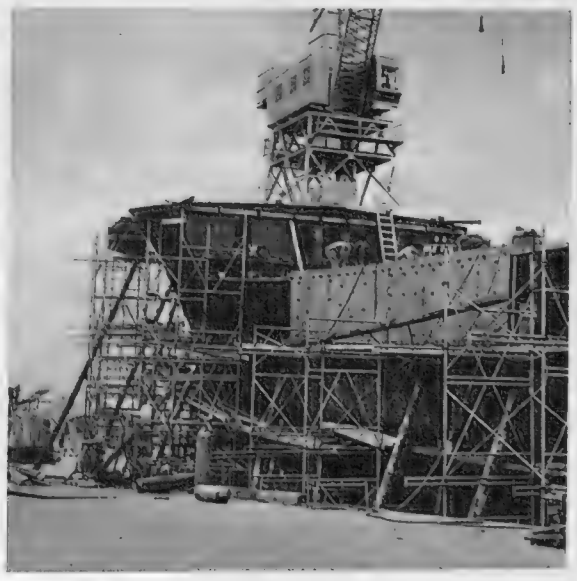
For many years one of the features of transcontinental travel in the United States has been the observation car. The latest installation of the Union Pacific Railroad in their streamliners *City of Los Angeles* and *City of Portland* goes one better. The new Astra Dome dining-car enables passengers to see the beauty of the countryside through which they are travelling to the best advantage while they are actually eating. Directly below this is a private dining-room seating ten, which includes special decorative effects, and, below that the normal level,—with a normal dining-car. The Astra Dome will not be confined to eaters, however, for there are also high-level observation lounge cars, which include a private game room and a cocktail lounge. The thirty-five Astra Dome cars now in service between Chicago and the Pacific coast represent an investment of some £3,500,000.

A NEWSPRINT-CARRIER AFTER HER LAUNCH: The S.S. *Sarah Bowater* is towed by tugs to her fitting-out basin on the Clyde in the Leven shipyard, Dumbarton, of Messrs. William Denny and Brothers Ltd. She had just been launched by Lady Bowater, the wife of Sir Eric Bowater, chairman of the Bowater Paper Corporation, and is the second of two ships built by Messrs. Denny for the Corporation. The purpose of the vessels is to bring newsprint to Britain from Canada. The S.S. *Sarah Bowater* is a single-screw, steam-turbine-driven ship, her dimensions being 410 ft. overall length, 58 ft. 8 ins. broad, and 35 ft. 6 ins. deep. She has a deadweight of about 8,400 tons. The hull structure has been especially strengthened for navigation through ice. The funnel is aft, and there is up-to-date accommodation for the crew, and for six passengers.

BRITAIN'S SHIPYARDS ARE BOOMING

The Launching of a Newsprint-Carrier and an Oil Tanker; and One of Twenty Trawlers for Russia on the Stocks





TRAWLERS FOR RUSSIA: *Above* is a view from the stern towards the bows of a trawler being built in the Brooke Marine Shipyard at Lowestoft, Suffolk, for the Soviet Union. *On right* the bows of the ship are seen. This trawler is one of a £6,000,000 order for twenty such vessels for Russia. It was obtained on a visit to the U.S.S.R. last year by Mr. H. L. Dowsett, of the Dowsett Companies. The ship is being in part riveted and in part welded in one of the most up-to-date shipyards in Britain. The slipways are fitted with lock gates to facilitate the launching, and parts of the ship are being prefabricated in the large prestressed and prefabricated concrete construction shops of the yard.

A NEW TURBINE-DRIVEN OIL TANKER: The S.T.S. *Vibex* is launched at the shipyard of Harland and Wolff at Belfast. The ceremony was performed by Lady Godber, wife of Sir Frederick Godber, Chairman of Shell Transport and Trading Company. *Vibex* (31,000 tons) has a length of 635 ft. She is of the usual tanker design, with machinery aft, and upper bridge, navigating bridge and flying bridge amidships. Poop, bridge and forecastle decks are connected by gangways. Another 31,000-ton tanker and two 18,000-ton tankers are at present under construction for the Shell group.

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF NATURE'S CAMOUFLAGE: At first sight this might be thought to be a group of rocks sprouting some luxuriant ocean vegetation. In fact, it is an aerial picture, taken from a height of about 60 ft., of a herd of reindeer swimming across a fjord in Lapland, in the far north of Norway.

"ULTIMA THULE"

The Rugged Grandeur of the Fjords in the Far North of Norway is Seen in a Series of Magnificent Aerial Pictures

GEMS OF THE REMOTE NORTH: Seen from the air, islands lie like uncut jewels in Vest Fjord, between the Norwegian mainland and the Lofoten Islands. The markings on the rock were probably made in the Ice Age. *Left* is a barren island, to the south-east of the Lofotens. *Right* are the islands and the coast near Nordkot, south of Svolvaer, in the Lofotens. Leines Fjord is in the background.

THE MARKS OF TEN THOUSANDS OF YEARS: Long before Man appeared on the earth, ice and the ebb and flow of the ocean tides began to leave their marks on these islands north of Bodo. One is looking down here on the work of almost incalculable time.

On right—THE MOST JAGGED COASTLINE IN THE WORLD: The sharp outline of the mountains rising on the mainland behind Vest Fjord shows something of the justification of this claim for Norway. Off her shores there are altogether over 150,000 small islands.

THE MAJESTIC SCENE OF A FAMOUS WARTIME ACTION: Along Ofot fjord, past this magnificent landscape of mountains, the British expedition made its way to Narvik in April 194[illegible]. The fjord has a very narrow entrance from Vest Fjord and then widens as it runs deep inland to Narvik. The elements united with the enemy against the Bri[illegible]h landing and it was only after an action in a snowstorm that a foothold was secured. However, in less than two months the British forces were evacuated.

Pytheas. Pythias, of Marseilles, the Greek geographer and astr[illegible]ner of the fourth century B.C., claimed in his voyages to have s[illegible]d past Britain northwards to Ultima Thule. The phrase n[illegible]s "extreme limit," and some authorities identify it with N[illegible]ern Norway. Certainly the rugged, often forbidding grandeur [illegible] the coast, seeming to stretch through an endless remotenes[illegible] gives it the appearance of the edge of the world.

Beneat[illegible]he mountains lie the fjords, the deep channels and inlets stu[illegible]d with small islands. It is said that the Norwegian coastline is the wildest and most complicated in the world. It is jagged and runs constantly in and out. It has been calculated that if it was straightened, it would stretch in a curve more than half-way round the Equator.

There are over 150,000 islands off Norway. They are of great interest to geographers and geologists. Also, as can be seen from the aerial pictures on these pages, they provide a magnificent illustration of natural beauty at its wildest. For the most part they are sparsely populated lands, inhabited by such people as the fisherfolk of the Lofoten and the Vester Alen islands, although to the farthest north of all, at Kirkenes, on the frontier with Russia, a new, modern town is being built.

The geological origin of the fjords is debatable. One opinion is that during the Ice Age great glaciers scooped out deep trough-like valleys with steep sides. Another view is that they existed before the Ice Age. However, there is no doubt that the distant Ice Age has left its mark upon many of the islets of the fjords.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN EDINBURGH

The Setting for Next Week's Opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

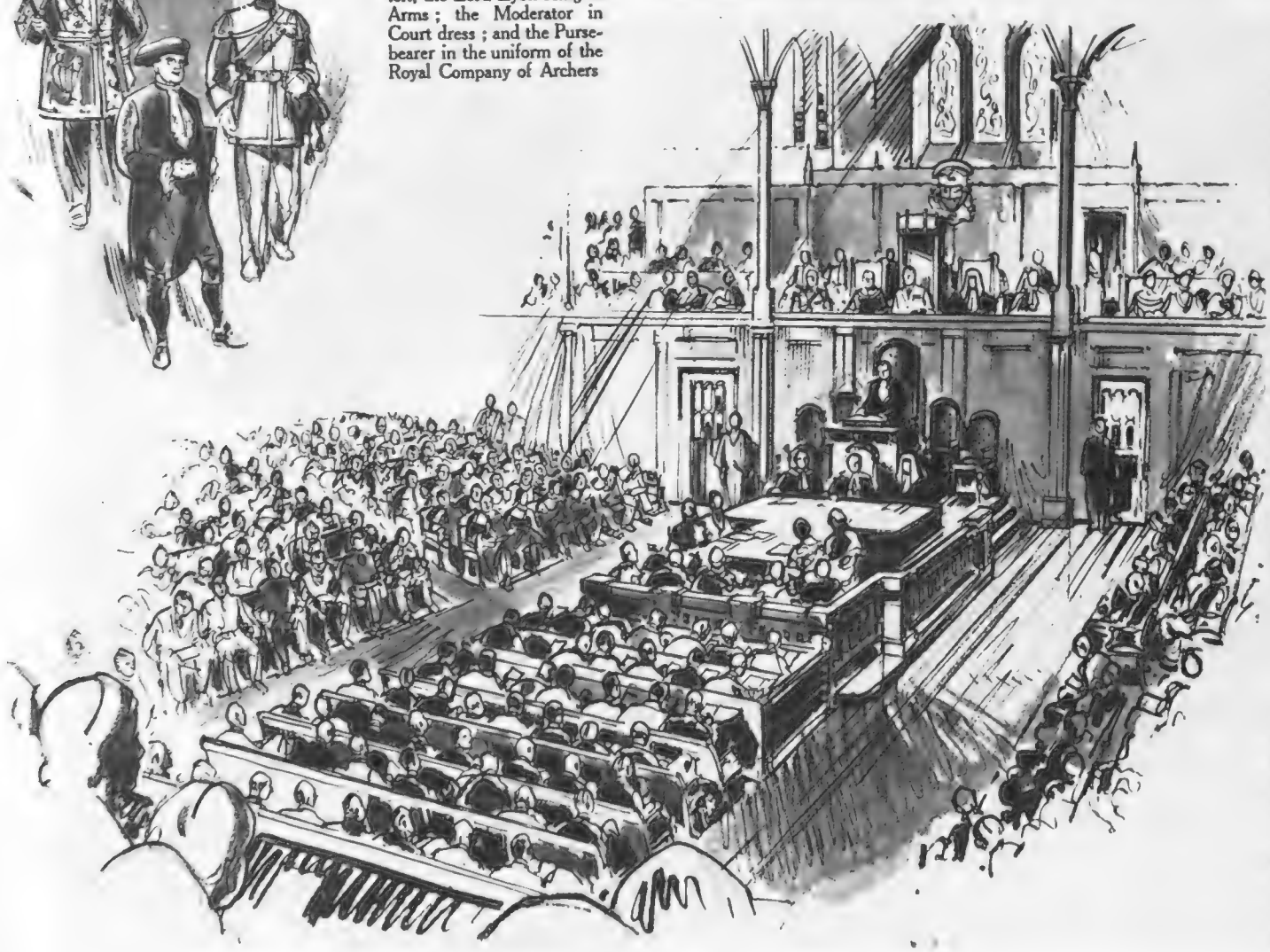
Illustrated by JOHN MACKAY

WHERE THE QUEEN'S REPRESENTATIVE WILL BE IN RESIDENCE: The entrance to the Palace of Holyroodhouse, in Edinburgh, where the Duke of Hamilton, as Lord High Commissioner, will stay during the Assembly.

THE PROCESSION TO ST. GILES': The Lord Provost and magistrates are preceded by City Halberdiers.

On left—
TRADITIONAL GARB OF THE OPENING DAY: From left, the Lord Lyon King of Arms; the Moderator in Court dress; and the Purse-bearer in the uniform of the Royal Company of Archers

THE FOCAL-POINT OF ASSEMBLY WEEK IN EDINBURGH: This sketch from the top of the "crown" spire of St. Giles' Cathedral shows the High Street and Lawnmarket sloping up towards the Castle. On the left of the street is the spire of the Church of Tolbooth—St. John's. At the extreme right are the twin towers above the entrance to the Assembly Hall. Below, in the foreground, is the setting for the inaugural ceremonial.



On the morning of Tuesday, May 24, the artillery of Edinburgh Castle will fire a salute across the city to mark the arrival at St. Giles' Cathedral of his Grace the Lord High Commissioner, to attend the service which inaugurates the annual General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The General Assembly, the Supreme Court of the Church since the sixteenth century, is graced on the opening day of its deliberations by representatives who hold high office in the country's administration. The Assembly is presided over by the Moderator, who is elected annually. He represents the Church of Scotland for the ensuing year on all occasions, and travels extensively round Britain in the course of his duties. This year the Moderator-designate is the Rt. Rev. Professor G. D. Henderson, D.D., Master of Christ's College, Aberdeen.

On left—
THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY IN SESSION: The Moderator is seen delivering an address in the Assembly Hall. In the Throne Gallery above him the Lord High Commissioner is seated, with attendant officials. Over 1,400 ministers and elders attend the Assembly each year. All aspects of the Church's work are discussed and future policies are resolved.

CAITHNESS

BRITAIN'S MOST NORTHERLY COUNTY

The Queen Mother Inaugurates a New Water-supply System which Serves Most of the County

HALKIRK, IN CAITHNESS, WHERE THE QUEEN MOTHER INAUGURATED A WATER-SUPPLY SCHEME: This picture shows the Ross Institute and the village war memorial. Halkirk, about fifteen miles north-west of Wick, is typical of the many quaint villages to be found in the county.

THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVES AT HOY, NEAR HALKIRK, TO INAUGURATE THE WATER SCHEME: Queen Elizabeth is presented with a bouquet by Miss Diana Binnie, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a partner in the engineering firm responsible for the construction of the scheme.

WICK, THE CAPITAL OF CAITHNESS: Despite its northerly situation, Wick attracts many tourists during the summer months. The town was founded by Norsemen and the surrounding area bears many traces of Viking settlements.

The Queen Mother, by visiting Caithness to inaugurate the new water-supply scheme and by choosing the Castle of Mey as her Scottish home, has, as a member of the Caithness County Council said in a speech of welcome, "put the county on the map." Caithness, which constitutes the north-east corner of Scotland, is economically important because of its fisheries, which are the biggest in Scotland. Inland, however, agriculture thrives, although because of the climate, which is usually wet and cold, crops are considerably late in ripening. Sheep and cattle are also reared.

Before the water-supply scheme came into operation, people in the smaller villages of Caithness were living in the same way and in much the same circumstances as their fathers and grandfathers—even to the extent of fetching all water for domestic supply in buckets. Before the war barely one-fifth of the people in Caithness had running water. Now, however, the regional water scheme at Hoy will benefit the greater part of the county. The scheme is based on Loch Calder and will provide 1,500,000 gallons of water a day for domestic use and another 5,000,000 gallons to supply power to pump the water into two large reservoirs which are to serve Caithness. The cost of the scheme is £750,000.

OLD AND NEW ARCHITECTURE IN WICK: The clean lines of the new bridge over Wick Water provide a contrast with the picturesque houses in the background. Wick is one of the areas which will benefit by the new scheme.

WICK HARBOUR, AN IMPORTANT CENTRE IN THE HERRING INDUSTRY: Many of the people in this area spend part of their time farming and part fishing. During the herring season the population of the capital town is almost doubled.

THE RESTORATION OF CHARTERHOUSE

One of London's Finest Historic Treasures Recovers from the Havoc of German Bombs

THE ANCIENT BUILDINGS OF THE CITY OF LONDON'S CHARTERHOUSE ARE RESTORED AFTER WARTIME DAMAGE: *On left*—Work is in progress on Master's Court. The walls date from the sixteenth century. *On right*—A workman lays pipes for heating the chapel. Against the wall is an early seventeenth-century doorway. Charterhouse was founded as a Carthusian priory in 1371. In 1611 it became a school and a hospital for "poor brethren." The famous public school was removed to Godalming over eighty years ago.

THE CLOISTER ARCADE: This is now being renovated. It was one of the parts of Charterhouse which was seriously damaged by German bombs in 1941. The seventeenth-century Arcade leads to the Chapel.

On May 10, 1941, one of the most heavily hit victims of an enemy air raid on London was the historic Charterhouse, in Clerkenwell. Large parts of its ancient buildings were seriously damaged. Almost immediately after the war, restoration work was set in progress, and Charterhouse, under the hands of the architects, Lord Mottistone and Mr. Paul Paget, is now rapidly recovering its former glory.

Within its walls is a magnificent wealth of architectural and historic treasure. In its long story, Charterhouse has been variously a monastery, a palace, a school and a hospital. In 1371, a distinguished soldier established on a burial-ground in Clerkenwell a Carthusian priory. The monastery flourished until the Dissolution. In 1545 it was granted to Sir Edward North (later Lord North), who built a mansion on the site of the Little Cloister. Its next owner was the Duke of Northumberland, who was executed in 1553 for his attempt to put his daughter-in-law, the tragic Lady Jane Grey, on the throne. A later sixteenth-century owner, the 4th Duke of Norfolk, was also beheaded for conspiracy against the crown. Elizabeth I stayed there before her Coronation.

The modern development of Charterhouse began in 1611 under Thomas Sutton. He founded the Hospital of King James in Charterhouse, which comprised a free school for poor boys and a hospital for poor brethren. The school grew rapidly, to become one of the great public schools of England. The school was moved to its present site at Godalming in 1872. From 1875 to 1933 the London school premises were used by another famous school—Merchant Taylors'.

The brethren have continued to reside in Charterhouse, apart from a wartime break. The qualification for a brother is that he must be over sixty years of age, be a bachelor or a widower, belong to the Church of England and have an income of no more than £208 per annum, apart from certain pensions. For the most part the brothers are former professional men or officers of the Services.

THE BRETHREN'S QUARTERS: The gateway is the entrance to Wash House Court, where some of the brethren now live. Brothers of Charterhouse have to be over sixty years of age, bachelors or widowers, belong to the Church of England and have a very limited income.

OUTER COURT: Charterhouse is a repository of history. The original priory of the fourteenth century was built on a burial-ground where several thousand victims of the plague of the Black Death had been interred. Many famous English personages have been associated at different times with the buildings. Thackeray, who was at the school, gives a description of the hospital in *The Newcomes*.

THE NEW TONES WITH THE OLD : The gables and windows, just completed, are above a seventeenth-century arcade. The extensive restoration work began soon after the war. Great care is being taken by the architects to fit the new into the old.

A MONASTIC DOORWAY : It is in a corner of Wash House Court, the best preserved part of the monastic buildings. *On right*—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S WALK : The Duke of Norfolk's Terrace is above the Great Cloister. It was here that the great Tudor Queen walked before her Coronation.

A FINE ELIZABETHAN CEILING : This ceiling of the Great Chamber survived the bombing. It was erected by the Duke of Norfolk in 1571. His arms are in the centre.

"THE WORLD IS MY PARISH" : These words are engraved on the lowest of the three tablets on the Cloister wall. It commemorates one of the School's famous sons—John Wesley.

RESTORATION WORK ON THE GREAT HALL : It was built in the sixteenth century. The porch and the sundial on the roof are seventeenth-century work. Originally it was intended as a guest hall, but later the brethren dined there daily. The story of Charterhouse has sometimes been stormy. At least two plots against the Crown were hatched within its precincts—the Lady Jane Grey conspiracy and the Duke of Norfolk's abortive attempt to dethrone Queen Elizabeth I in favour of Mary, Queen of Scots.

HOW THE NEW BANK OF ENGLAND WORKS AT DEBDEN WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED : The architect's impression of the printing works on the Debden Industrial Estate at Loughton, in Essex, which are expected to be ready for use next year. Most distinctive are the two arched roofs over the printing halls. These ensure an even distribution of daylight in the halls. The new works are being built on a site leased from the London County Council, and will be the biggest buildings on the estate.

A NEW PRINTING WORKS FOR OUR BANKNOTES

The Construction of the Bank of England's New Buildings at Debden, Essex

By JOHN MAY

THE millions of pound and ten-shilling notes circulating in Britain to-day were printed in a building that was once a lunatic asylum. But next year the Bank of England's printing department moves to the sanity of new buildings, on the Debden Industrial Estate at Loughton, in Essex, designed and built specifically for its purpose.

With sweeping, clear-cut lines, the new modernistic concrete buildings at Debden are as different from the Bank's antiquated St. Luke's Printing Works (this was the mental hospital), in Old Street, London, E.C.1, as the crispest of banknotes from the clumsiest of coins. St. Luke's, nevertheless, served the Bank well in its time.

Shortly after the outbreak of war in 1914, activity at the Bank of England so increased that the printing department, turning out millions of pay drafts daily for the Services as only one of its activities, was forced to move out of the Threadneedle Street premises to find more space.

St. Luke's Hospital had been erected in 1782, and looked then much as it does now. While conversion of parts of the building went on, the Bank's printing machinery was moved into rooms with wooden floors 135 years old, which had to be shored-up from below. By 1920, however, the architect had installed new ferro-concrete floors, inserted an extra storey behind the 200-yards façade's five rows of tall windows, and built three long machinery halls at the back. Space for the Bank's printers had increased from 24,000 sq. ft. to 156,000 sq. ft. "It was like going to the Promised Land," recalls a retired Bank printing executive of those days.

A further machinery hall was added in 1926, and on November 22, 1928, the Bank of England issued banknotes for £1 and 10s. for the first time. Treasury notes—printed for the Government by Waterlow and by De La Rue, and first rushed out over the fateful four-day Bank Holiday of August 1914—went out of circulation.

The Act passed in 1928 to bring about this change-over empowered the Bank to issue its new notes up to a fiduciary limit of £260,000,000. In contrast, a year ago the Currency and Bank Notes Act of 1954 provided for a fiduciary issue more than six times as great, of £1,575,000,000. These two figures epitomise the reason for the printing department's imminent departure to the open spaces of Essex.

While St. Luke's—still retaining one padded room as a curio, and with marks of manacles in its cellars—was developing its ever-increasing output in the '20's and '30's, the Threadneedle Street building, designed by Sir John Soane, with its blank outside walls preserving the Bank's mystique, was undergoing an internal conversion to Sir Herbert Baker's designs. Except for the printers, there was to be room for everyone in the new central Bank building. But the 1939 war, exchange control, and the subsequent nationalisation of certain industries brought further pressure on space almost as soon as the conversion was completed.

Various sections of the Bank's organisation, therefore, remain even to-day in the offices in Finsbury Circus, Regent Arcade House, and elsewhere, to which some of them had been dispersed by the 1914 war. The problem of centralising them will be solved eventually by the Bank's new Cheapside building. But long before then, the happy printers will have left Old Street for the premises at Debden, recently lyrically described by a local Essex newspaper as "a pound-note paradise."

As a first step towards the move, some five years ago the Bank's printing works set up a small planning section. The planners plotted the domiciles of their present staff, considered the availability of additional printing labour, decided that transport from the printing works to Head Office must follow as short a road as possible, and from these considerations settled on the nor'-north-east segment of London as the most appropriate district for the new works.

The printing department's foreseeable needs in terms of machine space, storage, composing and binding departments, engraving rooms and research laboratories, administrative offices, staff canteens, recreation rooms, and its many other requirements, were meantime assessed and passed to the chosen architects, Easton and Robertson.

Ove Arup and Partners were brought in as the structural consulting engineers. The quantity surveyors were Gardiner and Theobald, the electrical and mechanical consultants, Edward A. Pearce and Partners, and the building contractors Sir Robert McAlpine and Sons, Ltd.

THE SUBWAY TO THE CANTEEN : The underground passage which is seen under construction will link the works canteen to the main hall, seen in the background. Some 1,200 people will be employed at the new printing works when it takes over the duties of the present works in Finsbury, printing all the Bank of England's notes.

The site, which had by now been selected, was a dozen stations distance from the Bank on the Central Line electric railway. About a quarter-mile long and 200 yards wide, adjoining the south side of the railway east of Debden Station, it was leased to the Bank by the London County Council.

Passengers in passing trains have watched progress here from June 1953. They have been greatly intrigued by the main printing hall—an arched structure, more than 250 yards long, 125 ft. wide and some 60 ft. high. This hall occupies the entire north side of the site against the railway, with its row upon row of north light shells looking towards the line.

South of this main structure, but almost hidden from passengers, are storerooms, a smaller production hall, and the general printing hall. This last is a balanced cantilever construction, supported by a series of T-shaped members prestressed with wires across their tops. To allow for expansion, the edges of the cantilever roof are virtually unconnected with the structures on either side.

The cantilever roof, which again has north light shells, covers the space between the main hall to the north and the three-, four- and five-storey blocks on the south elevation (next to the road), which contain office accommodation and research laboratories. Their windows, and similarly those of the compositors and the binders, look across the road to twenty acres of open land, on some of which a Bank of England sports ground is being laid out.

To the east, on the side furthest from Debden Station, are similar multi-storey blocks above an underground boiler-house which has a chimney as squat and square as an East Anglian church tower.

Finally, to the west of the main block, but entirely separate except for a connection by subway, is the canteen, with a recreation hall and committee rooms.

The whole of the site slopes south towards the River Roding—incidentally, the river which gives its name to the eight Roding villages which lie a dozen miles to the north-east. Taking advantage of this slope, the main part of the buildings is on two levels. The upper ground floors consist of production space, while the lower ground floors contain heating and electrical plant, lavatories, cloakrooms and engineers' workshops.

Architecturally, the roof construction is of great interest. How the roofs were to be built largely determined the method of building throughout, and the repetition of structural elements here and elsewhere allowed great savings of time and material by the

THE SITE OF THE PRESENT PRINTING WORKS: St. Luke's Hospital, in Old Street, Finsbury, once a lunatic asylum, as seen early in the nineteenth century. It was built by the designer of Newgate Prison. Since 1917 the Bank of England printing works have been housed there.

THE NEW WORKS TAKE SHAPE: The west multi-storey block and the still higher main entrance block are seen from the south. On the extreme left can be seen the small printing hall, and beyond the main entrance block is the east multi-storey block.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND'S NEW BUILDING IN THE CITY: The steel scaffolding rises up on the site of the large new building which is being constructed for the Bank in the shadow of St. Paul's, at Cheapside. It is another part of the Bank's wider programme of expansion.

THE SMALL HALL DURING CONSTRUCTION: This mass of pre-cast concrete, steel girders and scaffolding will eventually be the small arch-shaped printing hall, a miniature replica of the larger main printing hall.

THE MAIN HALL—AN ARCHITECTURAL FEAT: Along the 250-yards-length of the hall there are twenty-two bays, each with two sets of arches. Between each arch there is a gap for ventilation and electrical installations.

precasting in concrete of hundreds of parts for the buildings.

The new printing works were, it might be said, first "manufactured" and then erected on the site. The precasting was done with concrete pumped from a giant mixer. Two 5-ton derricks swung precast portions of up to 5 tons into position, and brought other concrete to be poured *in situ*.

For the main hall, the problem which faced the architects was to cover, without internal supports, a space as large as two football pitches placed end to end, while giving maximum daylighting to this immense floor space by means of north light. They chose an arched roof for æsthetic reasons, and gave it a mathematical curve which provided the necessary clearances. A series of arched legs, the centre sections precast, was erected in pairs, and each arch prestressed with cables. A gap of 3 ft. 6 ins. was allowed between each pair of arches and the next, to accommodate ventilation, heating, electrical and plumbing services.

The hall's length gave room for twenty-two sets of identical structures, each consisting of two arches, with north light shells spanning between them, the concrete of the shell roof which unites the arches being poured *in situ*. The strength deriving from the curvature of these shells, and others elsewhere, allowed them to be as thin as 3 ins., with consequent economies in weight, materials and time.

Last summer the construction of the main hall raced along at an exhilarating pace. For the arches and the shells, a 60-ton gantry brought the necessary profile and shutters into position for each bay. Then it was lowered and run on its bogie along rails to the next position, the process of erecting and lowering the gantry taking only a few hours. The scheduled time for completing a bay, eighteen days, was in practice eventually reduced to seven.

The final effect in the main printing hall, with its high arching roof and tinted electric "daylight" lighting, is not one of a weighty structure, but of a unique spaciousness, as if the arch floated like the arch of the sky. The uninterrupted floor provides infinite flexibility in arranging printing processes.

From the "Promised Land" of Old Street to this "paradise" of Essex means an overall increase in space, including both works and canteen, to some 443,000 sq. ft. More, it means that a most exacting form of printing (honest laymen know little of the age-long war between the designer-printers of banknotes and those who try to forge them) can be carried on in ideal circumstances. A significant example of the new efficiency is that from the moment that banknote paper enters the east end of the building, each process of printing will move it steadily westwards, in one direction all the time. Thus, the time spent on moving paper alone will be halved at the new works compared with the old.

Very soon now, many of the 1,300 people employed at St. Luke's will transfer to Debden, and others will be taken on locally to make up the strength. Several of the works executives and staff have already bought houses in the district. Shortly the Bank of England's new printing works will become Chigwell Urban District's largest employer of labour, more than doubling the number of workers who are already engaged on the Debden Industrial Estate.

The new works will print papers and documents for the Bank of England's internal use, dividend warrants and, of course, banknotes—ten-shilling notes, pound notes and fivers.

The Bank's normal security measures will be enforced night and day. And at Debden, as at St. Luke's, the printers will employ the arts of intricate engraving, subtle colouring and serial overprinting upon specially watermarked paper ("prestressed," the structural engineer might jokingly say, with its metal thread), to ensure that the notes in pockets, purses, wallets and tills in Britain shall all be genuine—handsome products easy to recognise, but as inimitable as the Bank of England can make them.

DÉBUTANTES AT QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S

The Annual Ball at Grosvenor House, London, which Recalls the Birthday of George III's Queen 200 Years Ago

Two hundred years ago Queen Charlotte used to celebrate her birthday in style. Surrounded by her Maids of Honour in St. James's Palace, she would have the magnificent cake brought in to her to the strains of music from Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," and then cut it and distribute slices to her guests. For many years now this birthday has been commemorated by a ball for débutantes, which was last week again held at Grosvenor House. More than 1,000 people attended the Ball, which is organised by the Association of Friends of Queen Charlotte's and Chelsea Hospitals. There were 300 girls present for the first great event of the London Season, and of these sixty-six were chosen as Maids of Honour. They made their curtseys to this year's Guest of Honour (representing Queen Charlotte), the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. The great three-tiered white cake, decorated with pink and gold, was wheeled in by eight Maids, led by Miss Marina Orloff. The cake was then cut by the Marchioness, and slices were distributed to the débutantes. So for another year the young ladies were launched on their season of dances and parties by commemorating the birthday celebrations of George III's Queen.

THE GREAT MOMENT OF THE EVENING: The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, Guest of Honour at the Ball, cuts the great birthday cake. The Ball commemorates each year the birthday of George III's Queen Charlotte.

ANOTHER LONDON SEASON IS LAUNCHED: The crowded dance floor in the great ballroom at Grosvenor House, London, during Queen Charlotte's Ball for débutantes. This is the first great occasion of the London Season for the seventeen- and eighteen-year-old girls who are embarking on it for the first time. Many of them will be presented at Court later.

On left—

THE REWARD: Four of the débutantes enjoy slices of the birthday cake after it had been cut by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. From left are Miss Elizabeth Rhys, Miss Valerie Goodwin, Miss Mary Corbett and Miss Georgina Higgins.

MOVING TOWARDS THE CLIMAX OF THE EVENING'S CEREMONIES: *On left*—Some of the sixty-six Maids of Honour who curtseyed to the Guest of Honour make their way down one of the staircases. They are led by two cousins, the Hon. Camilla Gage and Miss Elizabeth Gage. *On right*—The cake is brought before the Guest of Honour and the Maids of Honour curtsey before her. On both sides of the three-tiered cake are the eight Maids who had been specially chosen to wheel it in.

A MUSICAL RIDE BY THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AT THE OPENING OF THE SHOW : Against the imposing background of Windsor Castle, members of the Household Cavalry put on their colourful and spectacular display of discipline and horsemanship. The Queen was present on two of the three days of the Royal Windsor Horse Show, which was held last week. A large crowd of spectators saw an excellent variety of high-class jumping in the hunter and pony classes.

THE ROYAL HORSE SHOW BELOW WINDSOR CASTLE

There were Some Fine Displays of Horsemanship During the Three-day Royal Windsor Horse Show Last Week

A REVIVAL IN COACHING: Lieutenant R. Abel Smith driving the Royal Horse Guards team of blacks past a line of other coaches competing in the event. The challenge cup was won by Messrs. W. A. Gilbey's private coach, driven by Mr. S. W. Gilbey ; the event for Regimental drags by the R.A.S.C. with a team of bays, and the road coach section by Mr. S. Watney.

CAPRICE TAKES OFF: Miss R. Baxter, of Sutton Coldfield, takes her mount Caprice over a jump in the Grade "C" competition. The event was won by the Household Cavalry's Bloodshot, ridden by Corporal of Horse H. Mitchell.

WOMEN RIDERS IN THE SERVICES TEAM EVENT : Squadron Officer Potter, on Rocker, was a member of the R.A.F. team which came second in the event for the Queen's Challenge Cup. *Below*—Wren E. Lyne, a member of the very able W.R.N.S. team, on Simon the Simple.

THE HEAVYWEIGHT HUNTER CLASS ON PARADE : Talking to officials in front of the horses is the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Queen's Horse. The event for heavyweight hunters was won by Mr. Selby's Grand Excellency, who also won the championship for all classes of hunters. The renowned Mighty Atom had an off-day, and despite the efforts of four distinguished riders, had to take fifth place.

PRINCESS MARGARET JOINS IN THE FOLK DANCING : The Princess is seen taking part in a dance called "Princess Margaret's Fancy" at the English Folk Dance and Song Society's Exhibition in London. Another dance in which the Princess joined was called "Princess Margaret's Visit." She wore a pink and mauve taffeta dress.

A DEMONSTRATION OF AERIAL FRUIT TREE SPRAYING FOR THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH : Prince Philip stands to one side as an Auster aircraft fitted with spraying equipment zooms overhead. This demonstration took place during a visit by the Duke to the Fernhurst Research Station of Plant Protection Limited, a subsidiary of the Imperial Chemical Industries. While at Fernhurst, near Haslemere, Surrey, the Duke saw many different departments, each of which is run as a separate commercial entity in order to demonstrate one particular section of the agricultural or horticultural industries.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

On left—

THE EFFECT OF THE MERSEY TUGMEN'S STRIKE : A view of the Mersey Bar, twenty miles outside Liverpool, where **up to eighty ships dropped anchor to await the end of the strike which brought the port almost to a stand-still.** The strike, which lasted eight days, was unofficial and started when tugmen claimed a reduction in the working week to 44 hours, two nights off a week and time-and-a-half for work done on Saturdays. The decision to return to work was taken by a vote. There was a majority of one. Eighty ships were held up by the strike and on the last day 5,128 dockers had been laid off and placed in the reserve pool, as there was no work for them. Several ships managed to dock and sail without the aid of tugs. A notable achievement was by the liner *Empress of Scotland*, of 26,000 tons, which by a brilliant feat of seamanship, successfully sailed for Montreal.

A 500-YEAR-OLD WALL-PAINTING IS DISCOVERED IN LONDON : *Above*—In the remains of Brooke House, in Hackney, East London, which is being demolished, cameramen are photographing on the first floor an important find. This is what is believed to be a fifteenth- or early sixteenth-century wall-painting, which was overlaid with whitewash and has only been uncovered during the demolition. *Right*—A close view of the wall-painting. Falcons alternate on the left-hand side with a leaf pattern. The centrepiece is studded with what seems to be the Red Rose of Lancaster. Great interest attaches to the two figures. The standing figure appears to be an episcopal, or possibly patriarchal, character. It is thought that it may have some connection with the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The kneeling figure appears to be a monk. Experts are being consulted on the best way to preserve this painting.

A CHAMPION JOCKEY HAS A WIN AS A TRAINER : Sir Gordon Richards is seen talking with Miss Dorothy Paget and the jockey, J. Wilson, at Windsor, where Miss Paget's horse The Saint had won the Frogmore Plate. Sir Gordon took up training when an accident last year caused him to retire. The Saint was the first horse he had saddled since he became a trainer.

CELEBRATING THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING IN THE WEST COUNTRY : The Mayor of Helston, in Cornwall, heads a procession of schoolchildren through the streets of the town in the traditional Cornish Furry Dance. This is part of the Flora celebrations which are held each year and signify the passing of winter and the advent of spring. Huge crowds, including many overseas visitors, gathered in the Cornish town to witness the proceedings.

THE FIRST MERCHANT SHIP TO FLY THE SOUTH AFRICAN FLAG : The turbine-driven passenger-cargo ship *South African Merchant* on the Clyde, near Govan, after successfully completing her trials. The ship, which is of 12,500 tons, was built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company for the South African Marine Corporation. She has an overall length of 490 ft. Before her maiden voyage the ship was inspected by a party of shipping executives.

LONDON'S "EIFFEL TOWER" BEGINS TO RAISE ITS HEAD : Work proceeds on the B.B.C. television transmitter at Crystal Palace. When it is complete the mast will be surrounded by an iron structure, of which the foundations can be seen. Rising to 640 ft., it will be a small replica of the Paris Eiffel Tower (984 ft.). The girder on the right of the construction is a derrick which will be removed.

AN AUCTION SALE IN THE HOME OF THE LATE SIR EDMUND VESTEY : Some of the 300 people who attended the first day of the sale at Thanet Place, Broadstairs, are seen inspecting items before the sale started. With the exception of three gilt chandeliers which once belonged to Russian Royalty, everything, including the house, was for sale. The chandeliers are to be retained by Mr. R. Vestey, Sir Edmund's nephew. Private buyers were well to the fore and often outbid dealers. Sir Edmund built Thanet Place in 1926 at a cost of £200,000.

A DUTCH ADMIRAL PAYS A VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH : Vice-Admiral A. de Booy of the Royal Netherlands Navy inspects more than 1,000 Royal Naval personnel at Portsmouth. He is accompanied by Commodore C. L. G. Evans, who commands the Royal Naval barracks there. The Dutch Admiral was visiting Portsmouth to present a painting to the Royal Navy in recognition of the hospitality received in Great Britain during the war by Dutch sailors. The painting is by the Dutch marine artist Lodolf Backhuysen, who lived in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries

THE DISASTER IN JAPAN

And News Pictures of Events Last Week in Britain

ANOTHER FERRY-BOAT DISASTER IN JAPAN : Rescue boats cluster around the area where the ferry-boat *Shium Maru* capsized and sank a few minutes after striking another ferry during a fog. Over 150 people, many of them children, lost their lives in this accident which occurred in the Inland Sea.

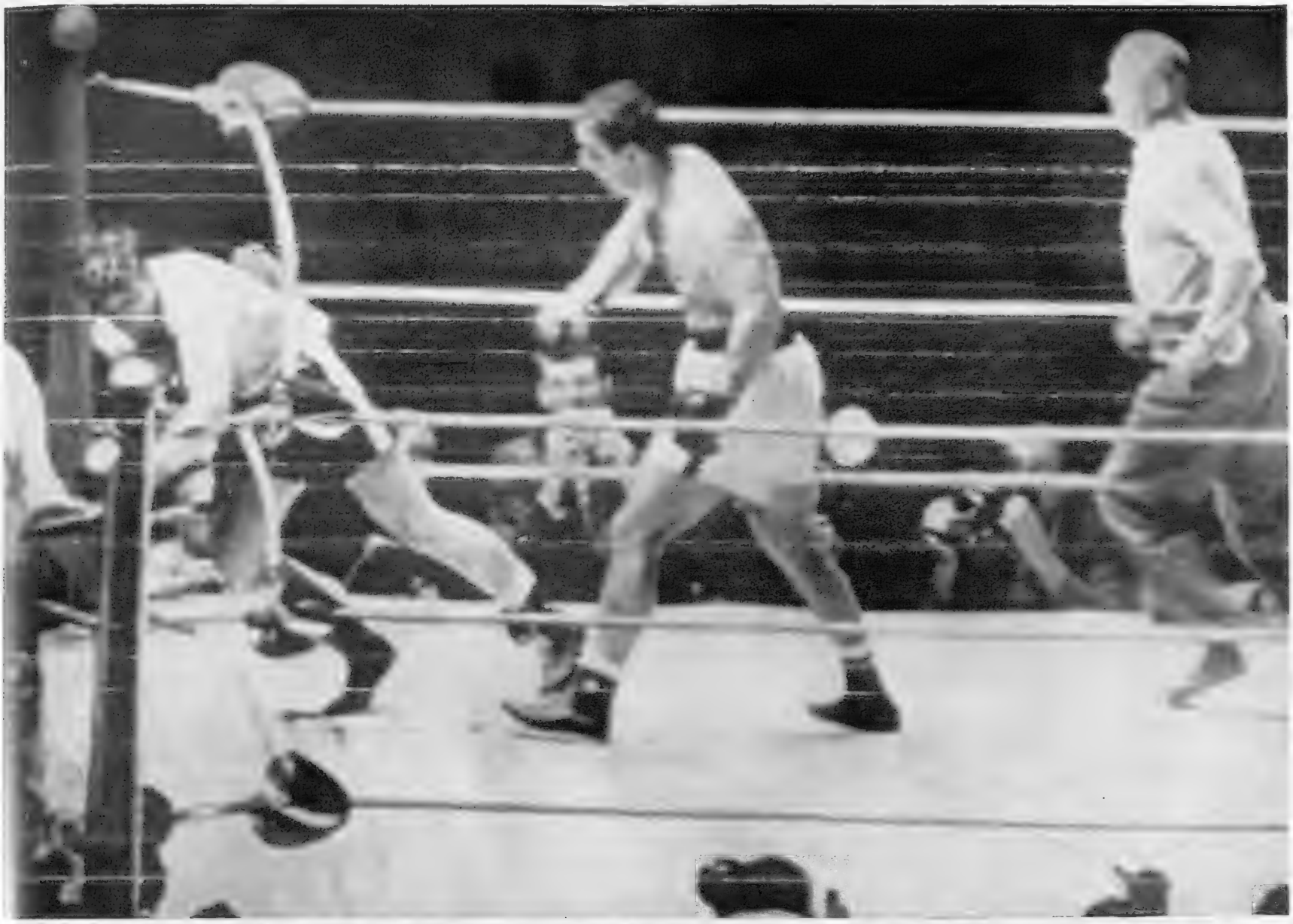
A MOMENT AFTER DISASTER : Passengers and crew of the Japanese ferry-boat *Shium Maru* cling to overturned lifeboats, lifebelts and pieces of wreckage after their ship had been sunk in a collision in Japan's Inland Sea. It was estimated that there were 779 people on board at the time.

The recent run of ferry-boat disasters in Japan has given rise to strong public feeling, and angry questions were asked in the Diet after the most recent disaster in which the *Shium Maru* sank with the loss of over 150 lives. The *Shium Maru* was crossing the Inland Sea with 779 people on board when one of the sudden, dense fogs, for which the sea is notorious, descended. During the fog, the *Shium Maru* ran across the bows of another ferry—the *Uko Maru*, although both ships were equipped with radar. Within two minutes, the *Shium Maru* had capsized and sunk, throwing most of her passengers, who included 400 schoolchildren, into the sea. The majority of the survivors were picked up by the *Uko Maru*, but soon coastguard patrols and fishing vessels had hurried to the spot to give assistance. Aircraft of the U.S.A.F. helped in evacuating the injured. A full inquiry into the disaster has been promised by the railway corporation, who have decided to give £60 as compensation to each bereaved family.

THE SCENE OF THE SWANAGE MINE DISASTER : Police throw a cordon around the crater believed to be caused by a mine which exploded last week-end, killing five schoolchildren. The children were among a party from Forres School who, in charge of a master, were walking along the beach, which had been used by members of the public for a number of years. The explosion came without warning. Three boys were killed outright and another died on reaching hospital. There was no trace of the fifth boy for several days. Then two shoes, identified as belonging to the victim, were washed up by the tide. Police are of the opinion that the boy was blown into the sea. There were twenty in the party, but except for those killed and missing, no others were injured, although several were badly shaken. Mine experts from the Royal Navy at Portsmouth and from the War Office were called to enquire into the cause of the explosion and to search the area for undetected mines.

AN EFFECTIVE SMOKE-SCREEN FOR THE TANK : Foreign military observers and Staff College students watch a troop of three Centurion tanks use their multi-barrelled smoke-dischargers to effect a local smoke-screen. This was part of the display of gunnery and cross-country agility which was put on by the Royal Armoured Corps at their training centre at Bovington, Dorset.

MAY SNOWSTORMS IN SCOTLAND : After bright spring weather, wintry conditions returned to North-East Scotland last week-end and there were heavy snowstorms in many places. These two pictures were taken at Elgin, in Morayshire, where the snow was particularly heavy. In places it lay to a depth of about 8 ins. Elsewhere in Scotland there was heavy rain and sleet. Wintry conditions also returned to England last week-end and there were reports of slight snow in Kent.

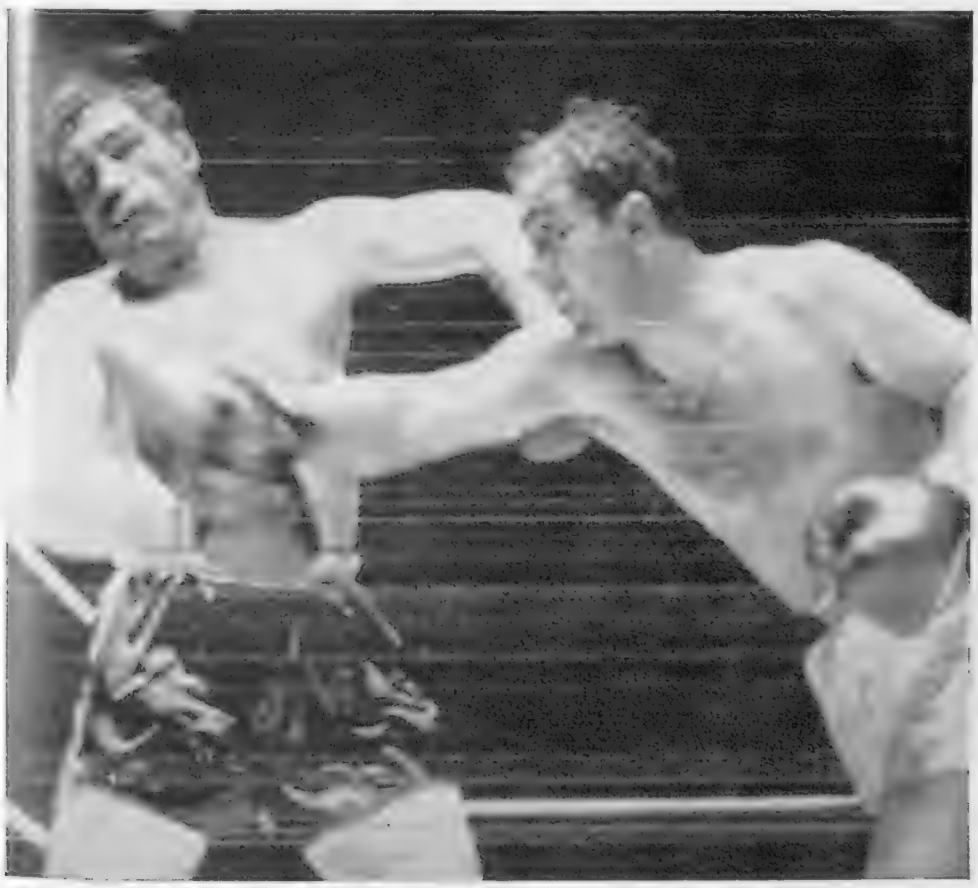


)CKELL SPRAWLS AGAINST THE ROPES AFTER THREE VICIOUS HOOKS TO THE CHIN FROM MARCIANO IN THE SEVENTH ROUND : This was the round in which Marciano inflicted the first really heavy punishment on the British champion during the fight at San Francisco. Three hooks to the jaw, followed by three punches to the body, left Cockell bemused and battered, but failed to put him down. It was, however, the beginning of the end, and the fight was stopped in the ninth round.

COCKELL'S CHALLENGE

The British Champion is Defeated in His Brave Attempt to Win the World Heavyweight Championship from Marciano in San Francisco, when the Fight is Stopped in the Ninth Round

'ew who saw the fight for the World Heavyweight Championship in San Francisco on Monday will get the courage of the British champion as he stood to a merciless battering from his opponent in the eight minutes. The first six rounds were even ough, with blows exchanged by the fighters, and with arciano slightly ahead on points. But there was no e indication of how the fight would go until the enth round. Then Marciano caught Cockell with ee tremendous hooks to the chin, followed by three rp left-hand blows to the body. Cockell reeled inst the ropes, and the blood gushed darkly from the forehead which was cut in a clash of heads in the fourth round. An exhausted Cockell dropped his arms low in the eighth round, and the tigerish Marciano went in for the kill. Blow after blow was rained on Cockell, but he never even went down. The bell probably saved him, and the ninth round promised to be the end. So it was ; Marciano knocked Cockell down, and the Briton took a count of eight ; he got up, only to be knocked down again for a count of six. Then referee Brown quite rightly stopped the fight. Marciano had retained his title, and Cockell had earned glory and admiration, not least from his opponent.



IN THE LAST FEW SECONDS : His hair on end, and blood streaming from his nose and his gashed forehead, Cockell receives yet another of the powerful sledgehammer strokes which Marciano was able to inflict on his defenceless body in the ninth round. Twice he had to take a count.

STILL CHAMPION OF THE WORLD : Rocky Marciano gets a kiss from Al Weill, his manager, after he had successfully defended his world heavyweight title against Cockell. Marciano is undefeated after forty-eight fights.

The Sphere of Travel

THE SPLENDOUR OF PROVENCE

A Visit to the Ancient Roman "Provincia," a Land of Strong yet Harmonious Contrasts

By GORDON COOPER

I HAVE a strong propensity for dawdling, but only in places which are congenial to my tastes. When I am in the right place for this indulgence, I cannot see any adequate reason for being energetic. I find myself lingering over the slow enjoyment of food, to the natural accompaniment of wine, gently sipped. Or I betake myself with a book to the shade of a flower garden, preferably set within ancient or medieval walls, and I browse and drowse. For physical relaxation, I bathe in some quiet and lovely river. In fact, I become a lotus-eater.

For the most part, in this hurrying and bustling twentieth century, these are vain thoughts. But I began to think it was not an impossibility when I was recently in France, in Provence, the ancient Roman "*Provincia*." It is a land of strong yet harmonious contrasts. How satisfying it was, for instance, to sit down for an hour or two in the shadow of the great walls of Aiguesmortes and call up visions of its glorious past. Here perhaps is the finest walled town in France, superior in many respects to Carcassonne, for its walls seem not to have undergone the slightest change since the day when that saintly King, Louis IX, set out in the thirteenth century on his unhappy crusade to the Holy Land.

There is scarcely a stone dislodged; scarcely a sign of decay. Every tower is in a state of near-perfect preservation. Against Time it has held its own. As I passed through the gateway to the town I was conscious of the strange influence these walls continue to exert. I mounted the parapet and followed it from tower to tower, the influence growing on me all the time. This influence I felt from the stones and the stillness and from the ashen waters which are so fitting a complement. But the great walls dominate the scene.

Aiguesmortes is a superb example of medieval military architecture. It is also—as Barrès claimed—like a vision arousing the soul. It is no longer a seaport, for it is now on a land-locked lagoon some miles from the sea. It would be a pleasant spot in which to browse for a day or two, but I would point out that its hotel, named the Louis, can only be considered as just adequate.

Beyond Aiguesmortes, to the east, lies the Camargue, the best place for birds in all France. Here you can see an amazing variety of species, including the famous pink flamingos. Here you find not only a remarkable community of breeding birds, but also a refuge for vast numbers of birds on migration. Here, too, is France's "cowboy" country, with picturesque herdsmen leading lonely lives among herds of black cattle and wild horses. The bulls, of Asiatic origin, are left to roam in virtually a wild state, and nowadays they are only used for the Provençal mode of bull-fighting, of which the people are so fond.

Lying on the edge of the Camargue are two interesting places: les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer and St.-Gilles. The former has been called "the saddest village in the world," but each year it attracts, on May 24 and 25, great numbers of the Romany peoples, who come to celebrate the feast of Saint Sarah, the servant of the three Maries. The church on this forgotten shore is as strange as any I have ever seen. Built as a fortress-church and standing on a low-lying spit of land, it seems to be a solid block-house against any who would attack the Faith of Christ.

St.-Gilles, too, is hardly an attractive town, but it is notable for the façade of the Abbey of St. Gilles. It is a thing of beauty, and you will not find another such in southern France, unless it be St. Trophime, at Arles, and that, although better preserved, is not so exuberantly beautiful.

"THE MOST CURIOUS TOWN IN PROVENCE": The ancient ruined town of Les Baux, which stands on an abrupt spur of the Alpilles, surrounded and buttressed by bare rock and surmounted by a castle.

Within a radius of a few miles from St.-Gilles is a trio of outstanding towns: Nîmes, to the north; Tarascon, to the north-east; and Arles, to the east. Nîmes is not a city in which I would wish to linger. Although its Roman remains are of the first order, it lacks the atmosphere which gives to Arles, for instance, an insidious lure. But, of course, Nîmes must be visited, for it has one of the greatest of ruined amphitheatres (in it, bull-fights and other performances are still staged), a park, the Jardins de la Fontaine, which is as fine as any in provincial France, and, most perfect of all, the ridiculously-named Maison Carrée, the most brilliant of all Roman ruins, the little "temple of the fortunate princes of youth." It is exquisite—a jewel so rare that not even its present-day dull surroundings can dim the lustre of the Greek spirit that infuses every detail of it, Roman though it be.

Lovers of Alphonse Daudet will surely want to pay a brief visit to Tarascon, if only to see the environment in which Tartarin, that imaginary hunter of lions and charmer of women, had his being. In this respect they may possibly be disappointed. But, in recompense, there is unlucky King René's beautiful square castle which clambers up the rocks of the river-bank to make a soft-toned medieval picture. At its feet the smooth, green mirror of the Rhône, which has reflected so many a chivalric pageant in its day, presents a quivering counterfeit of the stately structure, with every angle smoothed, every colour softened.

It is worth mentioning, too, that the sleepy town becomes thoroughly alive each year when the two Fêtes of the Tarasque are celebrated (last Sunday in June and on St. Martha's Day—July 29). I was once present at the former when the Tarasque, that fearsome monster which used to swallow up numbers of the inhabitants until tamed by Saint Martha, speeds through the streets, knocking people down with his tail and spitting fire and flames from his gaping jaws. I enjoyed myself thoroughly.

I have already mentioned the façade of the Church of St. Trophime, in Arles. Here also is a lovely cloister, wonderfully rich in sculptured decorations. But there are many other things in this town to justify meandering strolls, including an impressive amphitheatre, a Roman theatre, and a remarkable necropolis known as the Alyscamps, once the most celebrated cemetery in Europe and still a most romantic corner. According to medieval legend, Roland and his peers were buried there, and from far up the Rhône the dead were put into coffins, which were placed on a raft and entrusted to the swift current to be carried down to Arles. In the coffins were placed pieces of silver to pay for the burial expenses. To-day it is an avenue of fine poplars, bordered with ancient sarcophagi, the ruins of many chapels and ending with the Romanesque church of St. Honorat, a moving panorama of the history of the town. And, of course, Arles has an extra classic immortality of another kind—from the brush of Vincent Van Gogh.

East of Arles is Les Baux, the most curious town in Provence—or, for that matter, in France. It was built in the Middle Ages on a rocky spur of the Alpilles, commanding magnificent views, but rather for military purposes than for the sake of the scenery. For long it was a power in the land, but in due course its decadence set in. To-day there are only a few inhabitants. Yet once a year it comes to life again. On Christmas Eve, the shepherds' Midnight Mass in the little church, with the offering of the lamb and the singing of the ancient hymns, brings back the old animation to the town. Here, too, incidentally, is one of Michelin's rare three-star restaurants, the Baumanière, where the gastronome can lodge and eat in idyllic surroundings, but hardly inexpensively.

From Les Baux it is not far to St. Rémy, a typical old Provençal town. It is especially notable for two superb Roman monuments, one the triumphal arch which marked the entrance to the near-by town of Glanum (still being excavated), the other the fine and well-preserved mausoleum which was just outside it.

Other outstanding Roman remains in Provence are at Orange and Vaison-la-Romaine. There is also the Pont-du-Gard, a great aqueduct in three tiers which straddles the valley of the Gardon. (It is about half-way on the main road linking Nîmes with Avignon.)

Nowhere does there remain a finer or better-preserved Roman theatre than that at Orange. It can still seat some 11,000 spectators. In its original form, it is claimed, it could hold the fantastic number of 40,000. The façade is superb in its imposing simplicity. Louis XIV described it as "the finest wall in my kingdom." Perhaps the most remarkable thing of all about it is intangible; the acoustics remain phenomenal, and it seems by no means impossible that all the 40,000 spectators could have heard every word uttered from its floor.

Vaison-la-Romaine lies some twenty miles north-east of Orange. Its site is magnificent, and its interest threefold: Roman, Medieval and Renaissance. Excavations are still proceeding there, with considerable reward. Full details are given in Michelin's *Guide to Provence*, which also includes an excellent map.

THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT ORANGE: 11,000 spectators can be seated in this arena. This well-preserved amphitheatre was probably built about the time of Augustus.

THE GREAT AQUEDUCT IN THREE TIERS WHICH STRADDLES THE VALLEY OF THE GARDON: The 158-ft.-high Pont-du-Gard is one of the finest and loftiest Roman aqueducts in existence.

I have only space to give brief mention to Avignon and Aix-en-Provence, both outstanding towns, but as they are well known, not so much in need of description. The Pope's Palace in Avignon (which Froissart describes as "the finest and strongest house in the world"), rather more than half-fortress, is a magnificent specimen of fourteenth-century Gothic; and don't miss the delightful garden known as Rocher des Doms, from which you get a wonderful panoramic view. For lodging, I strongly recommend Le Prieuré, a country hotel at Villeneuve-lès-Avignon, about two miles outside the town.

Next to Paris, Aix is possibly the loveliest city in France. It has a most pleasant climate, and offers a variety of landscape, local custom and sights that surpass any comparable area of Europe. It is excellent, too (with its good hotels), as a centre from which to make excursions in every direction. Twenty miles due south is the Mediterranean at its best. To the west and north-west are the various towns of Provence about which I have written. And to the east, linked by regular train and bus services, are the Alps.

VISITING THE BORROMEAN ISLANDS

Four Small Islets on Lake Maggiore

Written and Illustrated by J. ALLAN CASH

Just over half-way down the long, narrow waters of Lake Maggiore, in Northern Italy, on the mouth of the bay of Pallanza, stand two towns on opposite shores, Pallanza and Stresa. Between them, out on the blue, sunlit lake, lie several islets of extraordinary beauty, known as the Borromean Islands. They can be visited from either shore, from sunny Pallanza, facing south, or from dignified, historically proud Stresa, which faces north, and therefore may be a little cooler in the heat of summer.

Local boatmen take visitors out to the islands—jolly, cheerful men who are by no means always on the look-out for big tips. One of their journeys is made to Isola dei Pescatori, the "Fisherman's Isle." There, the peculiar fishing-boats of the Italian lakes will be secured to the shore, their rounded awnings stretched over their frames to protect both men and fish from the fierce heat of the sun. On shore, fishermen will be mending nets laid out to dry. Women will doubtless be down on their knees washing clothes in the lake, scrubbing them on boards half in the water, and artists will, undoubtedly, be painting the tall, colourful buildings. You could spend a day lingering in the sun on Isola dei Pescatori, but the boatman is waiting to take you on to Isola Bella, a most surprising place.

Originally a bare rock island, Isola Bella was taken over by the wealthy Borromeo family in the seventeenth century and transformed. Two brothers, Count Renato II Borromeo and Vitaliano II, built a palace and the most elaborate gardens, all of which survive to-day in good condition. From the water's edge no less than ten terraces rise to a height of 100 ft., with grottoes, statues, paths, steps and handsome balustrades. Everywhere are flowers, bushes and trees.

The whole place is a feast of colour and wonderful planning. Ornate, yes, perhaps too much so for present-day tastes; indeed, the whole island, as it is, has been called "a triumph of bad taste." But do not let this deter you. The tropical garden alone is worth seeing with its exotic plants and flowers and trees. The guides who show you round are patient and full of good humour, and they pick flowers and hand them to the ladies in the party.

The palace is extraordinary. It is ornate, like the gardens, but contains a number of art treasures. Many of the paintings, however, are copies of the originals, although extremely well done. There are lovely views from some of the windows, across the lake to the mountains.

Beneath the palace are grottoes so fantastic and bizarre as to be almost unbelievable. There are little rooms, and arches and domes and grotesque corners, all made up from coloured lava, tinted rocks and sea-shells. The work and ingenuity that went into it all is incredible. Certainly, this palace is worth seeing as a novelty alone.

On the way back to the mainland you will pass another island—Isola Madre, a green and pleasant spot. This also is part of the Borromeo estate, but it is quieter in taste, less ornate and looks more densely green from the water. It is now a recognised bird sanctuary, but it can be visited, by special arrangement with the boatmen.

THE SETTING OF THE BORROMEAN ISLANDS ON LAKE MAGGIORE, IN NORTHERN ITALY: A fisherman takes his boat from the "Fisherman's Isle," Isola dei Pescatori. The town in the centre background is Stresa. The Borromean Islands, named after the Italian family of Borromeo, are situated at the mouth of the Bay of Pallanza, just over half-way down the lake.

On right—THE "FISHERMAN'S ISLE": Isola dei Pescatori is occupied almost entirely by fishermen. It is the nearest island to Baveno, on the mainland.

PROBABLY THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE ISLETS: Isola Bella contains a palace surrounded by gardens, built in the seventeenth century by Count Renato II Borromeo and his brother, Vitaliano II. Prior to 1650 it was a barren rock, with a few cottages and a church.

WASH-DAY AT THE WATER'S EDGE: Women wash their clothes close to the esplanade of the mainland town of Pallanza. The nearest island to Pallanza is Isola Madre, which is the largest of the group.

SOME OF THE STATUES ON ISOLA BELLA: They are situated at the highest point of the island. Another attraction on this island is the tropical garden. *On left*—A view of the quayside of Isola Bella, showing part of the seventeenth-century palace.

THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN UNDER WAY

The Party Leaders and the Candidates, in the Constituencies and on Television, in Their Search for Votes

The early stages of the campaign of 1955 were characterised by a great display of energy on the part of the Party leaders, of the candidates, and of the local Party workers, which did not meet with anything like a corresponding interest on the part of the electorate. Both Sir Anthony Eden, who was first in the field, and Mr. Attlee stumped the country, addressing something like eight meetings a day and travelling long distances between them. The tireless voice of Mr. Aneurin Bevan was also to be heard at selected constituencies in different parts of England and Wales, while Mr. Frank Byers was fleeting from one Liberal hope to the other. These, of course, were the speakers who drew the crowds. Other speakers, and candidates, were not so fortunate. One former Cabinet Minister found an audience of four when he arrived to be the guest speaker in an urban constituency.

It was no coincidence that on that night a television election broadcast was to be seen. The emergence of television as an electioneering medium in this country may yet prove to have been the outstanding factor of the 1955 campaign. All the main political parties are using television and applying different techniques. One curious fact has already emerged: those most critical of the television broadcasts are the adherents of the party which was expounding its views on the screen, while those most impressed are the "floating" voters. For the Party managers there may be a moral in this.

CANVASSING LIGHTHOUSEMEN IN THE BRISTOL CHANNEL: Three Labour candidates in Cardiff are being taken across the channel to the island of Flatholm, whose lighthouse-keepers are eligible to vote in the Cardiff South-East Constituency. Their M.P. in the last Parliament, Mr. James Callaghan, is seen leading the two other candidates.

On left—
THE PRIDE OF TRANSPORT HOUSE: Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party, displays some of the posters which have been issued by the Party for the election. Pride of place goes to a gigantic portrait of Mr. Attlee, complete with pipe and old school tie.

On right—
NOMINATION IN WALTHAMSTOW: Mr. Attlee, who is candidate for Walthamstow West, shakes hands with the Labour candidate for Walthamstow East, Mr. H. Wallace.

THE PRIME MINISTER OPENS HIS CAMPAIGN: Sir Anthony Eden, with Lady Eden and the three Nottingham Conservative candidates sitting beside him, addressing a crowd of some 3,000 people in the Market Square at Nottingham when he opened his election campaign.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S "WHISTLE STOP" TOUR: The Prime Minister addressing a crowd in Stroud, Gloucestershire, from the balcony of the Subscription Hall. Both Sir Anthony and Mr. Attlee have held eight or more meetings in a day.

MR. ATTLEE'S FIRESIDE CHAT ON TELEVISION: He is seen with Mrs. Attlee and Mr. Percy Cudlipp at the television studios in Lime Grove. Mr. Attlee's television broadcast for the Labour Party took the form of answers to Mr. Cudlipp's questions.

MR. MACMILLAN AT THE FIREPLACE: The Foreign Secretary, who made a flying visit to London from Paris for the occasion, before the television camera. He introduced and summed-up a film devised by the Conservative Central Office.

Blindfolded?

In the particular silence that descends when the bar has emptied a quiet voice edged with just a touch of envy said: *"Yours seems to be the name they keep on asking for. Is it true that they can tell you blindfolded?"*

And the White Horse bottle with judicious modesty replied: *"I think it is extremely possible. Blending, age, reputation, perhaps. But I'm talking far too much."*

The afternoon's sunlit silence remained unbroken until the colonel came in with his lady and said: "Two large White Horse please."

WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

BATTLING FOR THE ASHES

Sid Barnes, Ray Robinson and Ian Peebles Comment on Cricket: Studying the Gyr Falcon and Eagles; and the Memoirs of "Miss Molly" of the Yard

WHEN Sid Barnes writes about cricket he is as forceful—and as idiosyncratic—as if he were playing the game itself. Black is black, white is white, grey doesn't exist, and the only other colour seems to be a flaming red, for Barnes in action with the pen is quite as redoubtable a figure as on the pitch. In his new book about the recent Test Match series, THE ASHES ABLAZE (William Kimber. 12s. 6d.), he is in characteristic form from his very first line: "England, not being grotesquely bad at cricket like Australia, won the Ashes of the 1954–55 tour." And here he is on the subject of the second Test, lashing out at his compatriots with undiminished vigour: "Australia was utterly destroyed in the Tyson holocaust with his confrère Brian Statham. It was Australia's greatest cricket humiliation in history."

Sid Barnes' book may have no great literary pretensions, but it does make very lively reading. It gives a vivid picture of some of the high spots and depressions of the Test as it was played out this year.

"Youth is to all the glad season of life," wrote that sometimes inspired gentleman, Mr. Carlyle, and youth in present-day cricket is the subject of Mr. Ray Robinson's latest book, a survey of the field by one of Australia's finest writers on cricket. Certainly this is a year in which young players have distinguished themselves already, even more than the accepted giants, and it is natural that Mr. Robinson should devote considerable space to a discussion of May and Cowdrey, Archer and Tyson. But he writes, too, of the young Pakistan player, Hanif Mohammed, the young Cuan McCarthy from South Africa, Donnelly of New Zealand and Worrell of the West Indies. No one writing about the great game has a lighter touch or, it always seems to me, a more phenomenal memory than Mr. Robinson. THE GLAD SEASON (Collins. 15s.), like its predecessors, is a pleasure to read as much for its pleasantly informal style as for its encyclopædic information.

THE ASHES, 1954–55 (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Ian Peebles' contribution to cricket literature this season. Mr. Peebles played for England when A. P. F. Chapman captained the XI, was captain of Middlesex and is now a cricketing correspondent, in which capacity he accompanied the last tour. It was not, however, as a newspaperman but as a leg-break bowler that Hutton asked him to bowl to the M.C.C. players in the nets, although Ian Peebles now claims no more for his leg-breaks than that they are "stately rollers." One may take leave to doubt this and rely rather on Hutton's opinion in the matter. The book has the virtues of freshness and authority, and the figures that the author gives of bowling, batting averages and scores make a very interesting study.

Mr. Stanley Cerely is one of those enterprising people who vary the pleasant routine of their work with brief holidays of quite spectacular unusualness. Mr. Cerely works in the Bank of England, where he is concerned, for forty-nine weeks of the year, with the control of foreign exchange. In the remaining three weeks he is, of course, at liberty to go whither he listeth and, on a recent occasion, Mr. Cerely listed (if there is such a word) to go to Iceland in search of a rare bird. He determined to find it, observe it and photograph it well within his limited time allowance and, through a combination of good luck and determination, was able to do just this and, later, to write about the whole exploit in THE GYR FALCON ADVENTURE (Collins. 18s.). Technically, I expect, this would be of much interest to ornithologists. On a less rarified level, I can assert that the book has much to recommend it to amateur bird-watchers or simply to those who like to take their adventures by proxy.

EAGLES (Michael Joseph. 18s.) is a book on these extraordinary birds by Mr. Leslie Brown who, since he saw his first Tawny Eagle in India years ago, has studied them with what he himself describes as "a fervour and energy given to few." As a study he finds them to be as rewarding as they are difficult, for "this is no easy bird to know; he does not come to any bird-table." For fifteen years Mr. Brown has climbed and walked thousands of miles, in heat and drought in Africa, sleet and wind in Scotland, to watch and photograph eagles, of which he has now recorded ten species.

"So time passed, very pleasantly. Mortuaries by day, scribbling by night." This, I submit, is an odd phrase in any context and particularly when it is culled from the pages of a book of reminiscences by a good-looking young woman. Miss Molly Lefebure,

GOETHE PRIZE FOR T. S. ELIOT: The distinguished poet and dramatist receives the 1954 Hanseatic Goethe Prize at the Hamburg City Hall. Making the presentation is Professor Albert Kolb, Rector of Hamburg University. The £830 which accompanied the prize has been given by Mr. Eliot to victims of last year's floods in Germany.

however, is something more and something rather odder than a pretty girl, for she was for five years secretary to one of England's most eminent pathologists, Dr. Keith Simpson, became quite chummily known to the Yard as "Miss Molly," and was present with her principal at the scenes of many murders.

EVIDENCE FOR THE CROWN (Heinemann. 15s.) is an absorbing book, often horrifying, more often still macabre and packed with stories which are all the more shocking because they are true. Some of the more notorious murder cases on which Dr. Simpson was called in are mentioned, but it is the incidentals of the investigations from his angle that I found most fascinating, such as the mortuary keeper who used to sing "You Are My Sunshine" while sewing up corpses.

Of this week's novels, I have most enjoyed Mr. Dennis Parry's SEA OF GLASS (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), a witty, civilised and, in the main, well-constructed story in which an urbane Kensington scene is shown in maliciously effective contrast to a walled town in Turkestan. The time is the nineteen-twenties, and the protagonists are a very young man, suffering from the unnatural cynicism of his age but essentially an affectionate and loyal creature, and a girl, born of an English brigand and a Russian neurotic, and raised in the exotic conditions of the Far East. With this promising material Mr. Parry contrives a thoroughly entertaining book which I recommend to you in spite of its unsatisfactory conclusion.

THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE INFORMER (Longmans. 12s. 6d.) is a far from engaging title, but it, too, is an exceptionally witty novel, satirical as are many of Mr. Edward Hyams' writings, a little fantastic, more than a little improbable and thoroughly amusing. Basically the story is about an obscure little provincial weekly which is manipulated into a big circulation and a national prominence by three men, each of whom sees in the paper the chance of a personal advantage.

Not one of them could be described as likeable but they are all ingenious, highly articulate and well suited to the elaborations of Mr. Hyams' plot.

I remember an artist once saying of another artist's work, which was highly realistic: "That picture does everything but smell!" It is rare for a book to have this effect, though I do recall one, years ago, that I could have sworn was scented, but I have read one this week, an original and poignant little story of a poor and prolific family that seemed to have the authentic smell of poverty about it. And that, by any standards, is the mark of a very special writer indeed. CANAL IN MOONLIGHT (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) is short and it is misleadingly simple. It is also dramatic, violent and unexpectedly tender in turn. This is Miss Kathleen Sully's first novel and I know of no exact category into which it can be fitted, except perhaps that of books that are very well worth reading.

The next two are novels of the country and they seem, if not tamer, at least far quieter in comparison. Mr. Michael Home has written about the East Anglian scene, which he has described before with such familiarity and affection, in THAT WAS YESTERDAY (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), a story about a boy from a farm who grows up to be a reporter and later a feature writer on a national daily newspaper. It is Mr. Home's especial talent that he can convey the details of a craft with remarkable exactness, whether of the city or the country, and by the end of the present novel the reader will know a whole lot more about such things as ferreting, on one hand, or the composition of a newspaper on the other.

Mr. Crichton Porteous, in THE BATTLE MOUND (Robert Hale. 9s. 6d.), writes of a prosperous business man who decides to retire to the part of the country he has known as a child, hoping to recapture some of the delights of his earliest years, and who finds only disillusion and bitterness, till the saving moment of revelation when he accepts a new scale of values. I found the solution here a little glib, but enjoyed much of the writing and particularly those passages which showed the writer's, if not his hero's, understanding of farm life.

STRANGER COME HOME (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) is by an American writer, Mr. William L. Shirer who, as a war correspondent, wrote one of the best of the early books about Germany. His new book is a novel with a serious theme: the effect of what may be called "McCarthyism" on the career and on the mind of an intelligent and liberal man, broadcasting for a New York company. Mr. Shirer uses the device of first person narration and confidential diary entries with the evident intention of giving the story more impact, and it is curious, on reflection, that it should not have had this effect.

NORTH OF WELFARE (Constable. 13s. 6d.) is another American novel, and again the background is New York, but Mr. William Krasner writes, not about intellectual discussions and congressional probes, but a thickly-populated, shabby section of the city, where toughness is almost the necessity of the day.

VOINOV WANDERINGS

A Russian Boy Caught Up in the Turmoil of War

It would be difficult to find a social document more damning in its implications than Kolya Voinov's OUTLAW (Harvill Press. 16s.). He describes it as the autobiography of a Soviet waif. Voinov's dreadful adventures began in the North Caucasus where he was born in 1923. Some time after the death of his mother, his father was arrested and he himself was taken to a State home. He found the conditions so appalling that he ran away at once and found sanctuary with the night watchman at his father's former factory. Two years later, when Voinov lost his protector, he once again returned to the State home, where he was allowed to join a gang and was trained by his new-found friend Mishka in the gentle art of larceny. From then on he spent his time wandering round the town and the surrounding countryside, living by robbery and occasionally returning to the home for what security it provided.

This is a haunting, humiliating tale, and in its later stages, with Voinov grown to manhood, we see him caught up in the savage turmoil of the Russian retreat; we see him as a prisoner of war working in the Todt organisation in Alderney, in the Channel Islands, and finally as a hunted man in occupied and then post-war France, moving from place to place until he at length found an opportunity of emigrating to the United States. This is a book of importance, but its value is sadly minimised because the real documentary story is overladen with the oppressive thought that this is a tale with a moral that is going to be rammed home with concentrated force in the closing pages. On the one side the Soviet Union is presented with all its hideous social evils and on the other, the United States is shown as the land of infinite promise. Kolya Voinov may believe sincerely that this is the pattern of the modern world, but his remarkable narrative would, beyond doubt, have gained immensely if it had remained a simple exposition, a straightforward reminder of the utter degradation of war.

After reading Kolya Voinov's grim narrative, one turns almost with relief to a book like Helge Ingstad's KLONDYKE BILL (Kimber. 16s.). This is the story of a gold digger and trapper who for many years roamed the wilds of Alaska and Northern Canada, driving his team of dogs or paddling his canoe, living mainly by hunting and sleeping at night in a tent or stretched out in front of his camp-fire. He roved far afield, getting to know vast stretches of the lonely terrain between the Yukon River and Hudson Bay. Although consumed by a vision of gold and limitless wealth to be won in this great hinterland, Klondyke Bill remained poor all his days. But Helge Ingstad reveals him as a man who found much happiness and enjoyed a sturdy independence denied to most of us.

Dr. E. W. Doell has chosen a clearly explanatory title for his account of medical work among tribal Africans in Zululand, the Transvaal and, more recently, in Bechuanaland. He calls it DOCTOR AGAINST WITCH-DOCTOR (Christopher Johnson. 15s.). In this seemingly endless battle of wits, with Western knowledge pitted against African superstition, the witch-doctor has a habit of coming off best, and the triumphs of the fully qualified medical practitioner are apparently rare enough to call for special celebration. As a rule Dr. Doell found that Africans only came to his hospital as a last resort, and usually there was much arguing and persuading to be done before treatment could start. His book is full of interesting anecdotes, most of them pointing to the fact that we shall get nowhere unless we come to a closer understanding of the roots of African distrust.

With the summer season upon us, the inevitable urge to explore our own countryside comes upon the car-owner. In MOTORISTS' COMPANION ON THE HIGHWAYS OF ENGLAND (Newnes. 15s.), a volume with a most ponderous title, Christopher Trent in far from ponderous fashion takes us along some of the well-favoured routes, enabling the motorist to gain added enjoyment from his journeying. Mr. Trent's gallery of photographs adds greatly to the pleasure of these journeyings.

Since the first edition of NATURE PARADE was published in 1939 there has been a great accumulation of new natural history knowledge. Scientists and observers in many countries have probed further into the lives of animals. With a view to marshalling some of the new facts Frank W. Lane has produced the fourth edition of this work (Jarrolds. 18s.). It is largely revised and expanded, and reflects, incidentally, the vast improvements which have taken place in the realm of nature photography.

A new volume for the collector is Ronald F. Michaelis' ANTIQUE PEWTER OF THE BRITISH ISLES (Bell. 22s. 6d.). The author has drawn freely on the records of The Worshipful Company of Pewterers of London, and gives much valuable advice which should help students and collectors to decide for themselves the merits or otherwise of varying examples of the pewterer's art.

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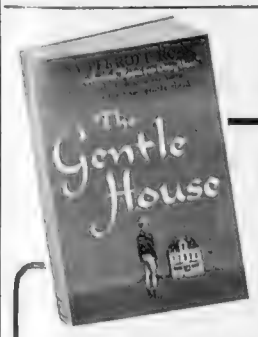

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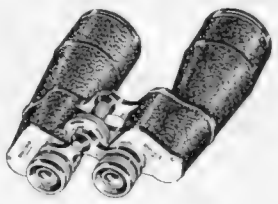

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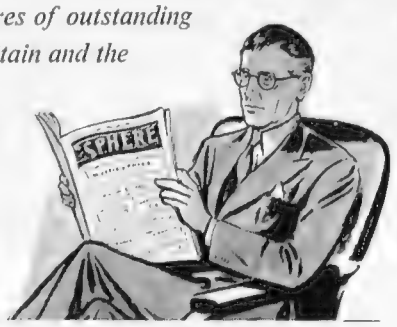

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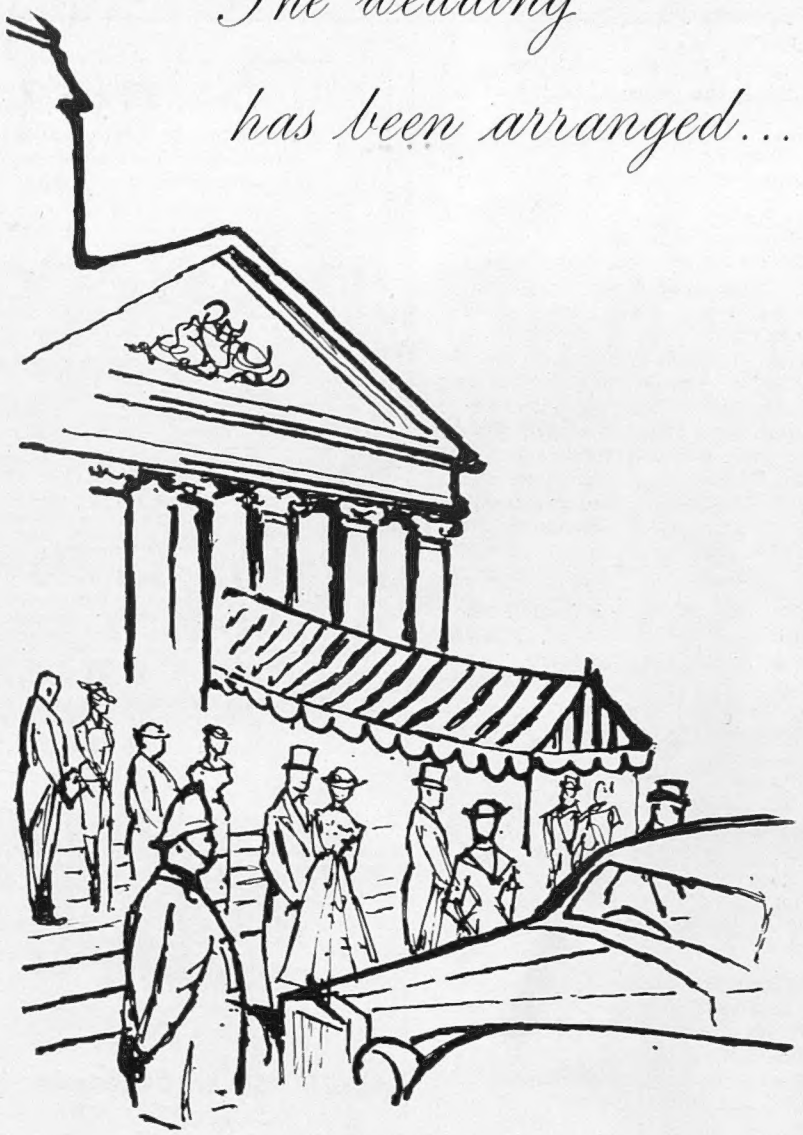

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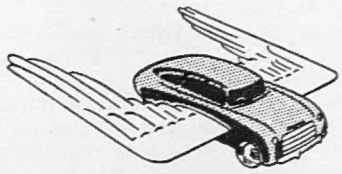

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THE leaves are fast covering the trees anew, and with more hours of daylight and pleasant travelling conditions, the pages of my notebook are also filling fast.

Looking back on the last few weeks, I must agree with those who tell me that I must have a most interesting life. If variety is its "spice," I certainly have no cause for complaint.

April 30 this year saw me at Hove, where my wife and I attended a Portuguese dinner of the Sussex branch of the Wine and Food Society. The menu was well worth recording. . . . *Rissoes de Camarão* (shrimps, prawns, mussels, oysters in savoury paste envelope), *Caldo Verde* (potato and cabbage leaves soup), *Filetes de Linguado à Portuguesa* (fillets of sole cooked in wine, butter and tomatoes), *Bifes de Vitela à Moda do Minho* (veal steaks marinaded in port wine and fried in butter, black olives and watercress salad), *Lombo de Porco Assado à Alentejana* (pork cooked in wine, garnished with peas and new potatoes), *Pudim Flan* (cream caramel), *Fruita, Cafe.* Not only was it perfectly cooked, presented and served, but the chef, Tom Stacey, as his name suggests, is an Englishman, which once again proves my oft-repeated point that if we, in this country, are prepared to pay (as we did that night) the same as we have to on the Continent, there are British chefs in increasing numbers who are the equal of those of any nationality.

We stayed the night in Brighton at The Old Ship, and though there are plenty of other first-class hotels in this once Brighthelmstone, The Old Ship has that air of quiet dignity which no other can hope to equal. After all, The Old Ship is of rare vintage. Back in 1810 it was known as The Old Ship Tavern, "an excellent house, kept by Mr. Suczhard," and the writer goes on to record that "the card and tea-rooms at The Old Ship are extremely commodious, and handsomely decorated. In short, everything is worthy of the company that frequent the place." And so it is to-day—while other hotels of its generation have long since disappeared, The Old Ship has matured with the years, always kept abreast of the times, and no truer description could be given than the words in its brochure, which states that, with its growth and modern amenities, it provides its guests with "the homely comfort of a country house, blended with the intimacy of an old country inn." Full marks to Mr. F. J. Tapping who, as resident director, "captains" this fine old ship.

Lighter days warrant earlier starts, and from our Sussex home we often halt awhile en route to London to break our fast. No better time could one choose to test an hotel than by arriving unexpectedly for breakfast, and two of our recent ports of call in this respect were The Star and Garter, close by Dorking North Station, and The New Bull at Leatherhead, both owned and controlled by Catering Houses, Ltd., of Guildford. At each we were well pleased. In neither case was there any appearance of "the-morning-after" look . . . the service was speedy . . . the plates were hot . . . toast was freshly-made, and, like all Catering Houses, their dining-rooms were extremely pleasant in their decor and appointments.

With the approach of summer evenings there is a great deal in favour, especially if one has a car, of booking hotel accommodation outside town. Apart from the many natural pleasures of the countryside, how much cheaper it is! Early in May we spent two nights at Oatlands Park Hotel, near Weybridge, and what wonderful value we had. Our bedroom, with private bathroom, was spacious and exceedingly well-furnished and equipped, and cost us but 30s. each per night for bed and breakfast, less than half the price we would have had to pay for a bedroom half the size in many a West End hotel. But the value did not end there, for we had 150 acres of grounds in which to roam, free golf among the many recreational pursuits, and indoors a large-screen television which provided, on that particular night, a front ring seat at "the big fight." With such all-round amenities as Oatlands Park Hotel provides for its more or less permanent residents, we left wondering why anyone bothers to struggle on with present-day housekeeping difficulties.

At this time of the year my thoughts turn to areas in Britain which seem to look their best when Nature's spring clothing is still fresh. I have just had a telephone call from friends to say how much they had enjoyed a visit to Nab Wood Hotel, on the shore of Lake Windermere, with the lake at the edge of the lawn and rowing-boats for the children. The weather was perfect, and the panoramic views of water, trees and mountains were wonderful.

It was in early spring, too, that we revisited Sark, which, with its absolute freedom from the noise of motor traffic, aircraft and trains, enables one to focus attention on the fragrance of the countryside and the sound of distant breakers.

A two-mile drive from the harbour in a barouche of honourable vintage brought us to La Sablonnerie, and the vociferous welcome from that Ashley Courtenay recommended dachshund—Chipolata! *Multum in parvo* has this tiny sixteenth-century inn to offer. Old world charm is here laced with modern comfort. Nine bedrooms . . . excluding the garden annexe, which has two more . . . all bright and simply furnished, yet comfortable withal. On ground-level is a suntrap lounge, a dining-room and bar parlour, both oak-beamed and specially attractive when candle-lit.

Outside is a terraced garden where, in a deck-chair, one relaxes and reflects on Mrs. George Hawes' cooking, which has the attributes of the Continental school—correct seasonings, pleasing presentation, and ingredients that may well keep you guessing. That you will take wine with your meals is not a matter of conjecture, but one of consultation with George Hawes, who has a small but interesting, moderately-priced cellar. So, if you seek peace and sea air—here it is, unpolluted.

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